

241st Bn F.230

From
Camp to Hammock
With
The Canadian Scottish
Borderers



"Theirs not to make reply, Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die."

WILLIAM T. GREGORY

C. W. R. O.
Historical Section
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RETURN TO
HISTORICAL SECTION,
CANADIAN WAR RECORDS OFFICE.

And be a friend to man.
I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travellers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I,
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

THE BOYS WE LEFT BEHIND

It was with deep regret by members of the 241st Battalion, that Capt. Beal, Lieuts. Bartlett, Fleming, Rolfson, Masson, Meridith, Lovegrove, and A. T. Fergusson, all of whom had rendered yeoman service in recruiting and training the unit, could not accompany the Borderers overseas. Lieuts. Bartlett and Fleming have already done their "bit," while the others are not only willing but anxious to do theirs.

The writer desires to take this opportunity of thanking Major Richards for his great kindness on the day of the departure of the 241st, as well as on many former occasions, also Colonel Welch and Colonel Robinson for their uniform kindness and courtesy.

Hold the Fort!! The Sammies are Coming!

We are coming Mother England, we are
coming millions strong,
Hands across the sea, are reaching, grip-
ped to rid the world of wrong;
We are coming, stricken Belgium, there
with you to face the foe,
There to make the haughty Prussian pay
in full for all your woe.

We are coming, France, our sister, the
glorious and fair,
By your side we'll soon be fighting in the
trenches, in the air;
And the Hun shall feel the power of the
men from o'er the sea,
We are coming and are swearing that
this whole world shall be free.

We are coming, fair Italia, land from
which Columbus came,
We, Columbia's sons are coming, coming
in Columbia's name,
Now to raise our starry banner where a
Cæsar wore the crown,
Knowing that when once we raise it,
naught on earth shall tear it down.

We are coming, German Kaiser, call your
hosts from hill and plain,
Mass your men and mass your cannon,
but your work will be in vain.
We are coming, German Kaiser, and our
coming sounds the knell,
Of your boasted German Kultur that has
made on earth a Hell.

We are coming, Canadian brothers, we
are coming millions strong,
There to stay and ne'er to falter, tho' the
fight be hard and long.
"To the end" shall be our slogan—for
the world it SHALL be free,
And the evil power of despots crushed at
last on land and sea.

Hohenzollerns, Hapsburgs, hearken to
the approaching beat,
Of the footsteps of a nation that has
never known defeat,
Clad in armor of the righteous, caring
naught for Germans might,
We are coming, we are coming, there to
win or die for right.

W. T. Gregory

FOR

SOLDIERS' COMFORTS

COMPLIMENTS OF
THE MCGREGOR KILTY CLUB
OF LEAMINGTON, ONT.
COL. WM. T. GREGORY, HON. PRESIDENT.

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FOR

Pte. _____, No. _____

Military Unit _____ Canadians

B. E. F. (_____) FRANCE

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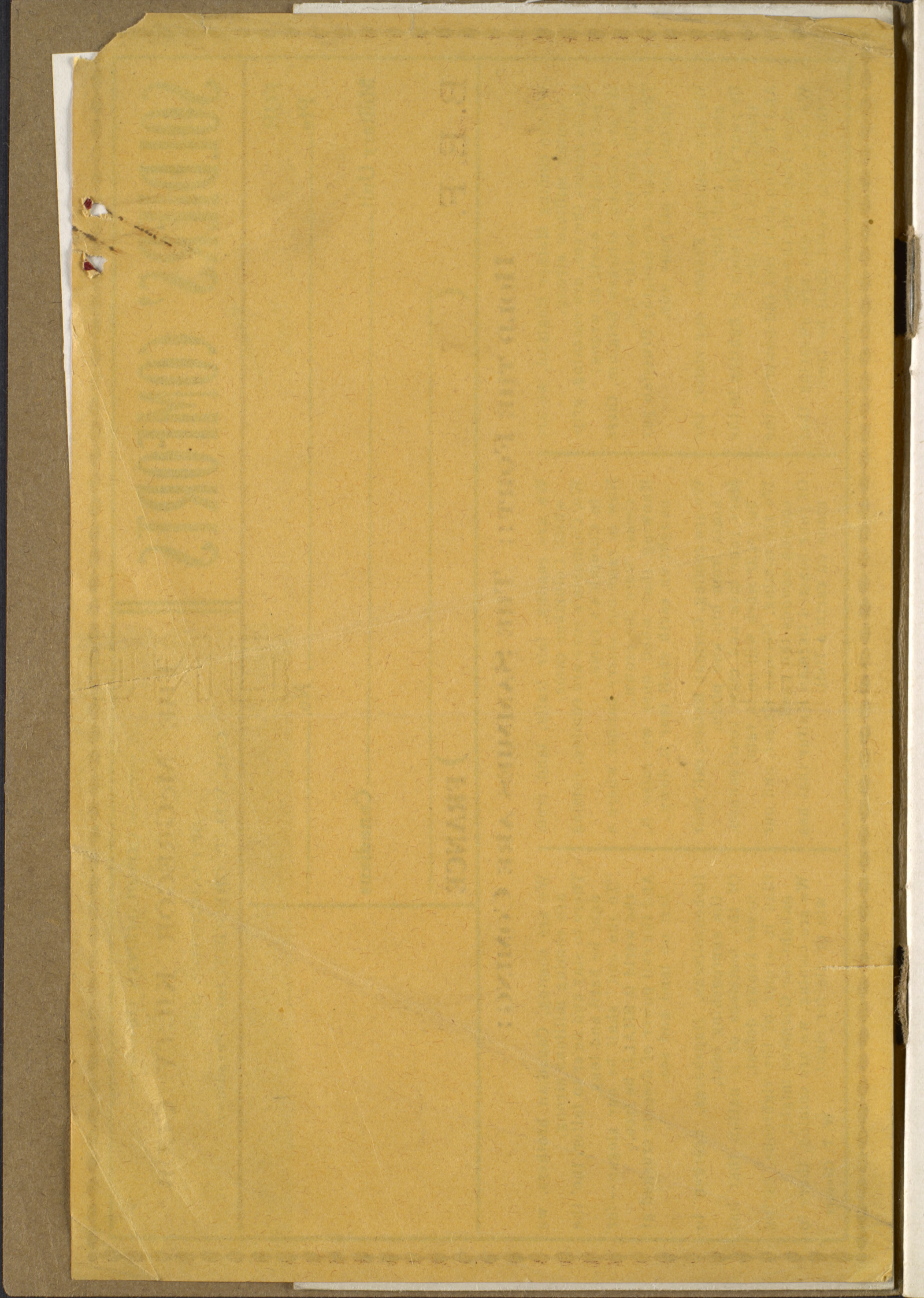
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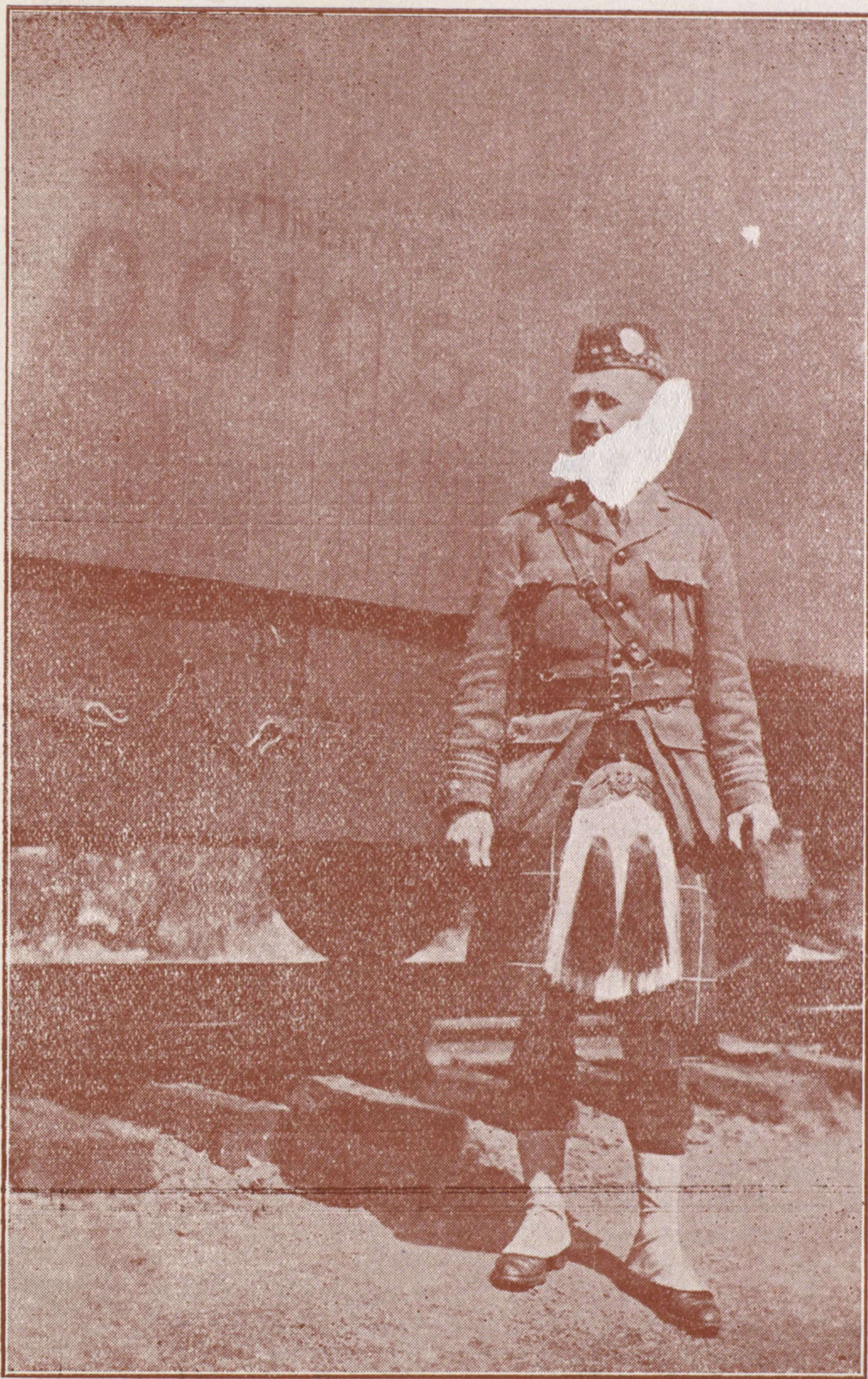
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COLONEL MCGREGOR
"Somewhere in Quebec"



MOTHER AND SON
 "Go, laddie, and do your bit."

DEDICATION

TO the mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts of the men composing the 241st Battalion, C. E. F., Canadian Scottish Borderers, the author begs leave to dedicate this little pamphlet, which is intended to convey to them some idea of the trip to the seaboard and the subsequent embarkation of the battalion. The account is written hurriedly from a few notes taken while passing through the trains, in a feeble effort to distribute a few comforts among the men, who were among the most appreciative and gentlemanly I ever saw; and therefore I beg your kind indulgence in errors, omissions and shortcomings, of which there are no doubt many.

After all is said and done, it is to the women who are left at home that have the heaviest burden of the war to bear; and I know the time will come—and heaven speed the day—when the noblest monument of this great struggle for civilization and human liberty will bear upon its enduring granite:

"To the Women of Canada, for her war to save the Democracies of Europe and of the World."

Leamington, May 24th, 1917

W. T. G.

With the Kilties from Camp to Hammock

HISTORY records the fact and anthropologists verify the statement that King Solomon, in the zenith of his glory, was sufficiently wise to manage seven hundred women, yet he himself admitted that even with divine guidance there were the ways of four things that he could not understand, and if he were living to-day I have no hesitancy in predicting that he would make it five; the fifth being the ways of the Canadian Militia Department regarding the movement or rather, in this case, the non-movement of troops.

During the month of April, A.D. 1917, there were at least seventeen separate and distinct dates (more or less) set apart and "ear-marked" for the departure of the "Kilties" from Camp McGregor at Windsor, Ont., where for the past eight months they had found all the comforts of a happy home in one of the most perfectly appointed military camps in Canada. A baker's dozen of times the word had gone out that the Battalion would leave at sunset, daybreak, or 8, 9, 10, or some other hour, A.M. or P.M., on a given day, and consequently loving friends were kept in a state of nervous anxiety regarding the fate of the "Highlanders."

On April the 9th the good ladies of Leamington practically used up all of the vacant space in that good old patriotic town, in supplying holes for the several barrels of doughnuts they sent up for the boys to take along with them for luncheon on the train. The ladies of Windsor baked cookies by the thousand, and still the "Kilties" remained anchored in their camp on McDougall avenue.

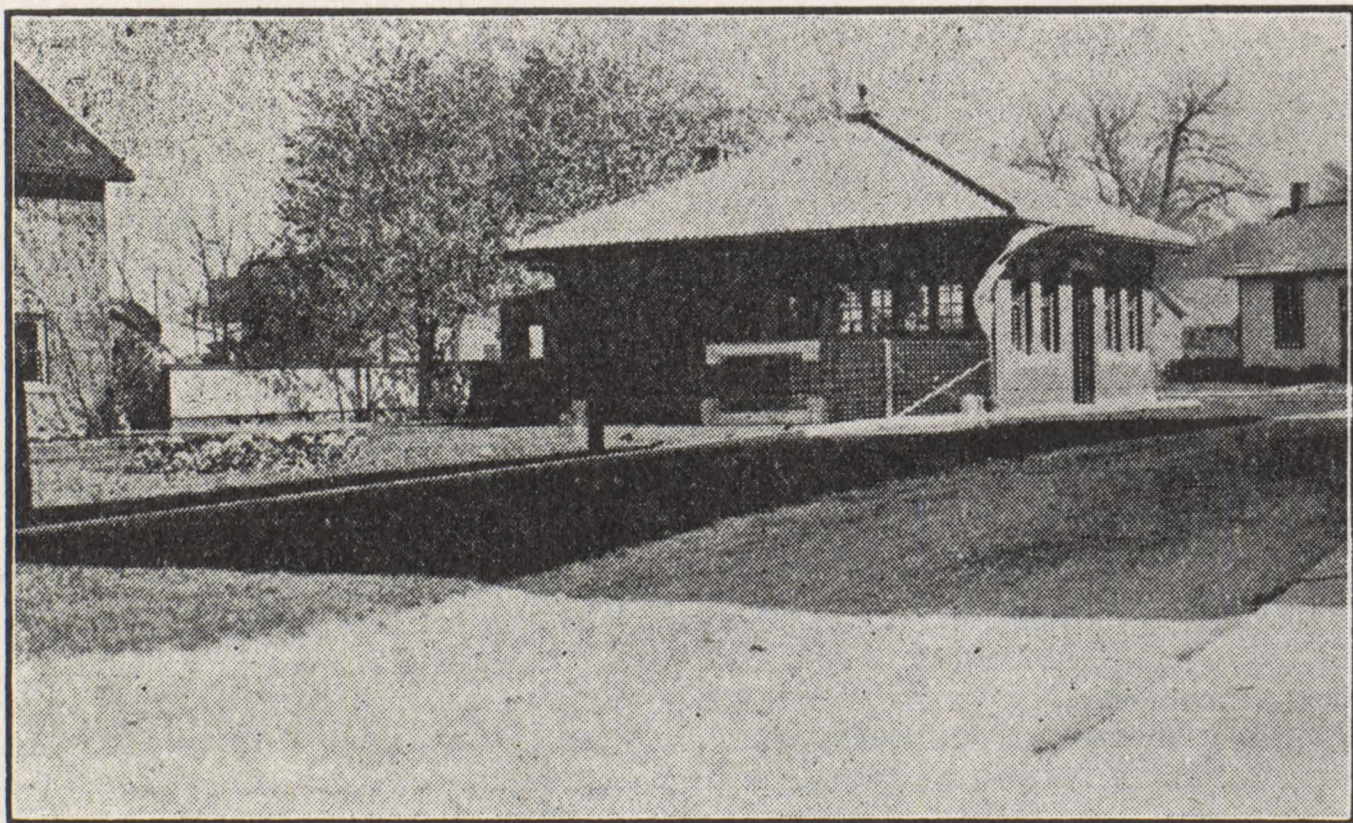
The officers impartially supplied encouragement to optimist and pessimist alike. The optimists were those who declared their faith in the ultimate get-a-way of the 241st Battalion. The pessimists refused to concede that there was the remotest possibility of the unit ever getting any farther toward the firing line than "Petite Cote" or the "River Rouge." On the whole, from the 9th to the 24th, were field days for the pessimists. Everything went their way. Instead of one installment of sniffs and sobs and one hard shower of tears—one volley of gulps and chokes—we had encores and extra numbers over and over again. The battalion would no more be rid of the melancholy squad than the date of departure would be cancelled and the friends beckoned to return another day and exchange the gloomy forebodings that the regiment would in all probability be sent to the Mexican border, to linger among the Cacti and be caressed by Tarantulas, or possibly contract fever and ague and find a last resting place on the summit of the Montezumas, and escaping that dire fate we were to be employed on garrison duty in the Bahamas or Bermudas or Pelee Island lighthouse.

However, the gayety of these oft-repeated occasions were somewhat enhanced by a quartette of jovial singers "rendering" "God be with you until we meet again." The way they did it was strongly suggestive of the lack of confidence on the part of the singers regarding the outcome of the trust. For pure and unadulterated lugubriousness nothing to equal it was ever pulled off, except a merry chant that the writer once heard at a temperance convocation and which was entitled "The wine bibber's grave." (It must be understood that this "Sob Squad" were composed almost exclusively of those who were "in love." The "married folks" acted with true Spartan stoicism and displayed will power so much admired in wives and mothers-in-law.) But "back to the Cactus." On Monday, April 23rd, final and complete orders (with name of the A.A.G. "blown-in-the-bottle" without which none are genuine) were received to prepare to take a long ride on Tuesday, which day we all know is a "close season for doughnuts," Monday being "wash-day." Consequently there was "narry a nut" much to the discomfiture of the lovers of this gastronomic delight.

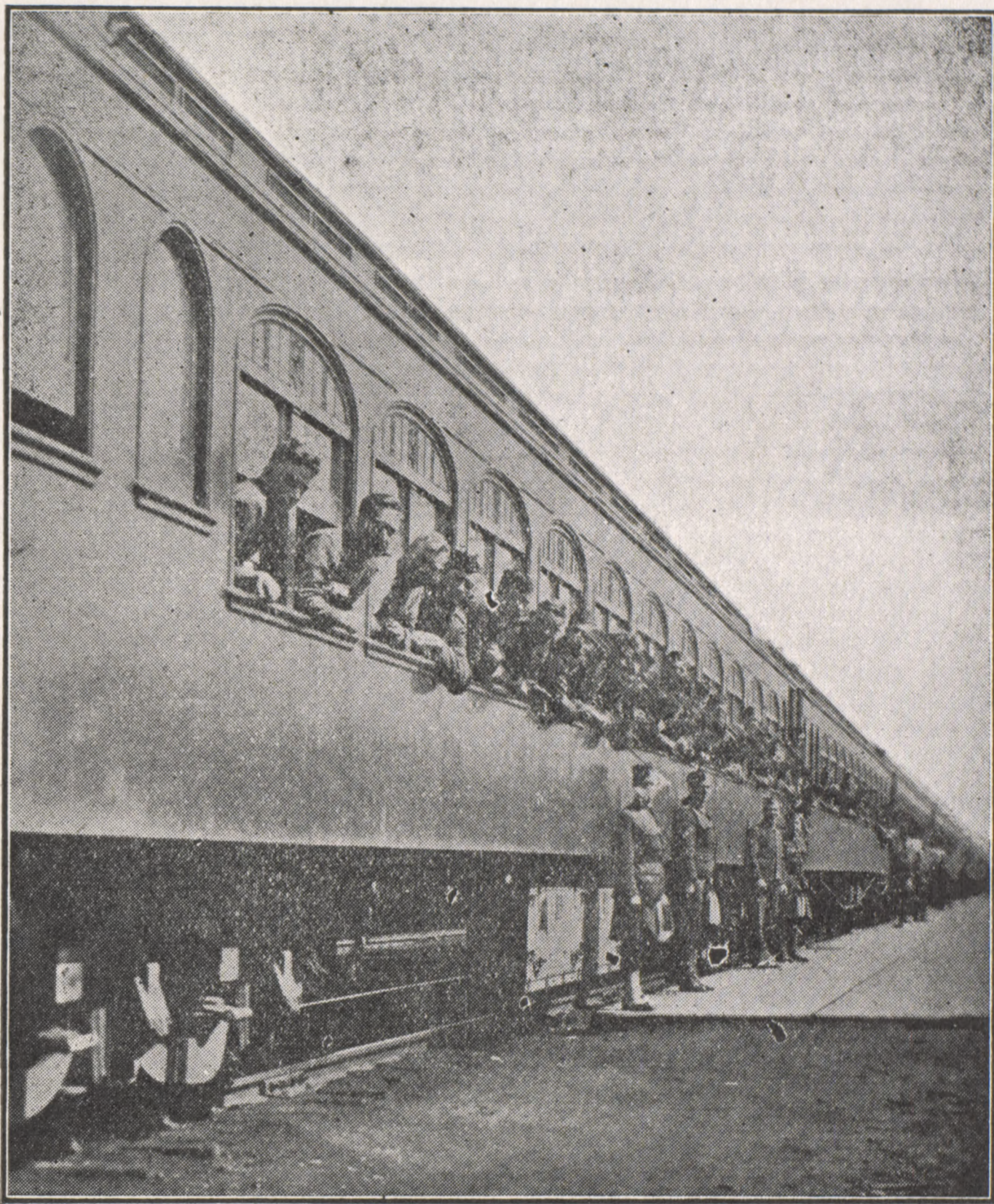
"SOME" NIGHT AT CAMP MCGREGOR

Monday night was one never to be forgotten. Everybody and his pal got busy. Kit bags were soon being stuffed like Bologna sausages when dog meat is plentiful. The men were all as busy "dolling up" as a family of Swiss bell-ringers while plying their vocation. Buttons had to be polished, shoes and accoutrements shined up, faces laundered, and 1001 things too numerous to mention. Suffice it to say that the 241st were Highlanders, and no soldier appears as spick and span, and neat, as those who wear the Kilts. (Some of them actually pull up their "skirts" when crossing a mud-puddle.) It was everybody's night. The officer from "the land of the Kangaroo" paraded the battalion at 2.30 A.M., and the band played "We Don't Know Where We're Going, but We have Started on the Way." It was very appropriate. Lieuts. Reid, Sale, Masson and other kind souls, accompanied by your humble servant, put on a special recruiting campaign and a score or more of men swore allegiance to King George and Colonel McGregor that night. The adjutant's office was open for business all night and Sergt. John Harland Lindsay Marshall, who by the way was the first man to enlist, was on the job every minute. Being right up against it for time, we appealed to that very courteous and efficient officer, Major Cruickshank to hold a Medical Board on the train, and this he did, and we hereby tender our thanks to all members of the Board who accompanied us as far as London. When the 99th left Windsor the writer tried out the Boards on the Armoury floor and found them to be "Hard" maple, but to-night there was no sleep, except to those who had indulged in a series of "cat-naps," and these were rudely awakened by the sounds of the bugle at 4.30 A.M.

Soon the old camp resembled a beehive. Everybody was looking for something. Even Sergt. Cook Arnott would have taken "something" if it had been available. That the discipline of the camp had been perfect is attested by the fact that at 6.30 breakfast had been served, everything packed, entire camp cleaned up, even to picking up every piece of paper or rubbish on the parade ground, and every man was on parade. The 241st Canadian



Kitchener Place, Leamington, Ont.



On the "look-out," Quebec.

Scottish Borderers stood in heavy marching order, ready to commence the journey that would take them "somewhere in Canada," "somewhere in England," "somewhere in France," "somewhere" to fight, and if need be, die for the cause that is even greater than the British Empire, great as it is.

At 7.30 the Colonel was informed by his second in command that the "Parade has been formed" and one minute later in a voice that spells obedience, he gave the command, "Forward March."

A close observer down town more than a mile away, would soon have been able to have seen in the dim distance a battalion of infantry marching with that old familiar Scotch swing and at a good pace. These were Colonel McGregor's men, and they never looked better. The sun shone brightly, the air was crisp and still, the robin and the wren were chanting in the trees, and all nature seemed auspicious.

The Pipe and Brass Bands led the parade; then came the Pioneers and the Machine Gun Section; next the Colonel with his adjutant and second in command; "A," "B," "C," and "D," Companies in the order named, led by their respective commanders. The Hospital Corps finished the procession. The pipes never sounded clearer than when playing "We'll Take the High Road," and the brass band surpassed even itself. The men presented a magnificent appearance; each one looked as if he had just stepped out of a "band box," so neat they were, and as one returned officer said, "they marched like regulars."

Windsor had certainly put on its Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes for the occasion, and Ouellette avenue was literally encompassed with flags and bunting and streamers, all most artistically draped, or carried and waved by loving hearts and willing hands.

Ten thousand people lined this thoroughfare and each waved a flag varying in size from a pocket handkerchief to one as large as a barn door. Here, age and youth, and feminine loveliness and innocent childhood had waited for hours to secure a good vantage point to see the "Highlanders march past." Away in the distance could be heard the "Pipes," then nearer and nearer came the sounds of music and the tramp, tramp, tramp as the boys go marching by until they were soon past, and the strains of "Loch Lomond" died in the distance. (The drone of the Pipes whether you have Scots blood to be roused by their peculiar charm or not, makes splendid marching music.) It was a magnificent sight—my descriptive powers are totally inadequate; however, Colonel McGregor and his friends must have felt proud—proud of his men—fighting men—and proud of the teeming multitude who were there to do him honor.

Cheer after cheer went up from ten thousand throats, and all along the line they were greeted as Windsor had never learned to greet before. At eight o'clock the Battalion entered the Armouries which were beautifully decorated, and formed a square from which Mayor Tuson delivered a most impressive civic farewell and one that will never be forgotten by the men. Here, Mrs. E. J. Baxter, assisted by other patriotic ladies, distributed Briar pipes to each man in the battalion, the same being the gift of the City of Windsor. The route to the Grand Trunk station, where the men were to entrain, was simply through a living breathing conglomerate mass of twisting and squirming humanity, that was packed in the vicinity of the train as closely as sardines in a can.

Surrounding the station and as far down the tracks as Walkerville there were hundreds and thousands of people who had come from all over Essex County and from the City of Detroit to wish the Colonel and his officers and men, God-speed. Half an hour was allowed for good-byes, kisses, etc., and it was actually surprising too see how brave the good women were in saying "good-bye" to those whom they loved better than life itself and which, in many cases, "may be for a long time, and in some it may be forever."

At 9.50 the engineer pulled the throttle of his mighty iron horse and soon the troop train of thirteen coaches, a baggage and a sleeping car, commenced to move amid the screeches of a thousand whistles from ferry boats, tugs, factories, locomotives and lake vessels, and a veritable bedlam of shouts, cheers and good-byes from fully thirty thousand people, many of whom had come from Detroit, as upon the roll of the Scottish Borderers are to be found many Americans—Americans who are neither too proud or too "soft" to fight. American flags were everywhere in evidence, and the scene truly portrayed that for which many of us have earnestly prayed, "A union of hearts and a union of hands." It was the greatest send-off that any battalion has ever received.

OFF WITH A GOOD START

Soon we were speeding eastward and the train was immediately organized just as a camp would be. Orders were issued and posted; guards were stationed throughout the train, and each platoon commander saw that his men were comfortable, and throughout the entire trip the writer was much impressed with the zeal and energy of the junior officers in looking after the welfare of their men. Before eating, themselves, they saw that the men were served with wholesome food in bountiful quantities.

Smoking material was plentiful, and that prince of good fellows, the Hon. W. C. Kennedy, donated several thousand cigars, and other kind friends tobacco and cigarettes. Loving hearts had donated to the boys knick-knacks and lunches of every description, and the "Maybrook" was literally packed with eatables of every known species. There were cakes and candies galore, lunches that had been prepared by loving hands for husbands, prospective husbands and friends. Especially noticeable was the huge basket of rare fruits and other delicacies which was the gift of Mr. Gordon McGregor to the Colonel. The basket was satin-lined with red, white and blue ribbon and bore the donor's card which was tied with a gigantic bow of Moire ribbon six inches wide and several yards long. London was made on time and here we found many friends to greet us, Colonel Shannon, Lieut.-Col. Smith, Lieut.-Col. Taylor, and the entire headquarters' staff were there to pay their respects.

The run to Toronto was one long to be remembered. At every station large crowds had gathered to see Colonel McGregor's "crack battalion" go past. At Mimico ex-Mayor Urquhart and others who had friends or relatives on board, were there to say "Howdy do" and good-bye.

At Toronto we got the cheers, changed engines and watered and iced the train, (being a Scotch Battalion we required lots of water and ice and ———). At 7.30 we proceeded east after having been served a sumptuous dinner, to which the men did full justice. Charley Barker's Kilties' Choruses were then distributed, and ere long we heard some of those old songs that have made the welkin ring, such as "The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond," "Annie Laurie," "Old Black Joe," etc. At 11.30 the Pioneers



Three Captains of the Ninety-ninth.

were reported as having turned in and consequently we all thought it time to sleep.

WAKE UP IN MONTREAL

At 7.30 A.M. Wednesday, we "cast anchor" at St. Henri station, Montreal, and the big sign of the Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Ltd., was a most welcome sight, as upon making inquiry the writer discovered that it was no easy job to "match" the 241st, the train then being "matchless." An urgent call upon Mr. Pilon, of the Imperial Company, by Lieut. W. W. Fergusson was met with a ready response, and five thousand boxes of matches were there donated to the battalion, besides several hundred larger boxes. These were soon partly distributed, and at 9.00 A.M. after a splendid breakfast, we began the long and tortuous journey through the province whose stand in this war will some day shake Canada from centre to circumference. Of Quebec we shall say little. Too much has already been said and too little done. Among the odd things we saw were two-wheeled milk carts with guards over the wheels like an auto, the milk cans sitting in the cart without a cover, little houses and big churches, which were well filled on Sunday morning and ball games Sunday afternoon; girls affectionately bidding their fellows good-bye as if going to war, but they were NOT going to the war, they were simply going to the back of the farm which, as a rule, are thirteen feet wide and four miles long. If one of these farms could be sown with red clover, another with buckwheat, and a third cultivated in violets, it would produce a sample of red, white and blue ribbon that would give Henri Bourassa St. Vitus' dance.

Previous to this trip the writer had always opposed government ownership of railways, but now he is rather inclined to favor it, for the simple reason that as soon as we struck the Canadian Government railway the train commenced to annihilate space with all the velocity of a "paralytic snail," and as long as I was with the 241st I was willing to ride it out on that line "if it took all summer." The slower the better. We could always tell when the train had stopped, i.e., if we were looking out of the window and it was daylight.

Now comes the saddest incident of the trip and one that brings home to us all the truthfulness of the scriptural injunction, that "in the midst of life we are in death."

Soon after leaving Montreal one of our most beloved comrades, Pte. John McDermott, of the machine gun section, was stricken with that dread malady, pneumonia, and after being treated and made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, our able and efficient medical officer, Capt. Lewis, made arrangements to have him sent back to a hospital at Montreal. At Lemieux station he was taken from the train and sent to Royal Victoria Hospital, and upon my return to Montreal a few days later, I was shocked to learn that our brave young comrade had passed into the great beyond, in spite of the most careful nursing and medical skill for which that great institution is famous. I saw personally Dr. Duncan McCallum, and the nurse who was with him when the end came, and they each promised to write a history of his case to his people in Stratford, Ont. His effects were sent to the director of estates at Ottawa and his body sent to his home, where he was buried with full military honors, a gun carriage having been sent with an escort from London to bear his body to its last resting place.

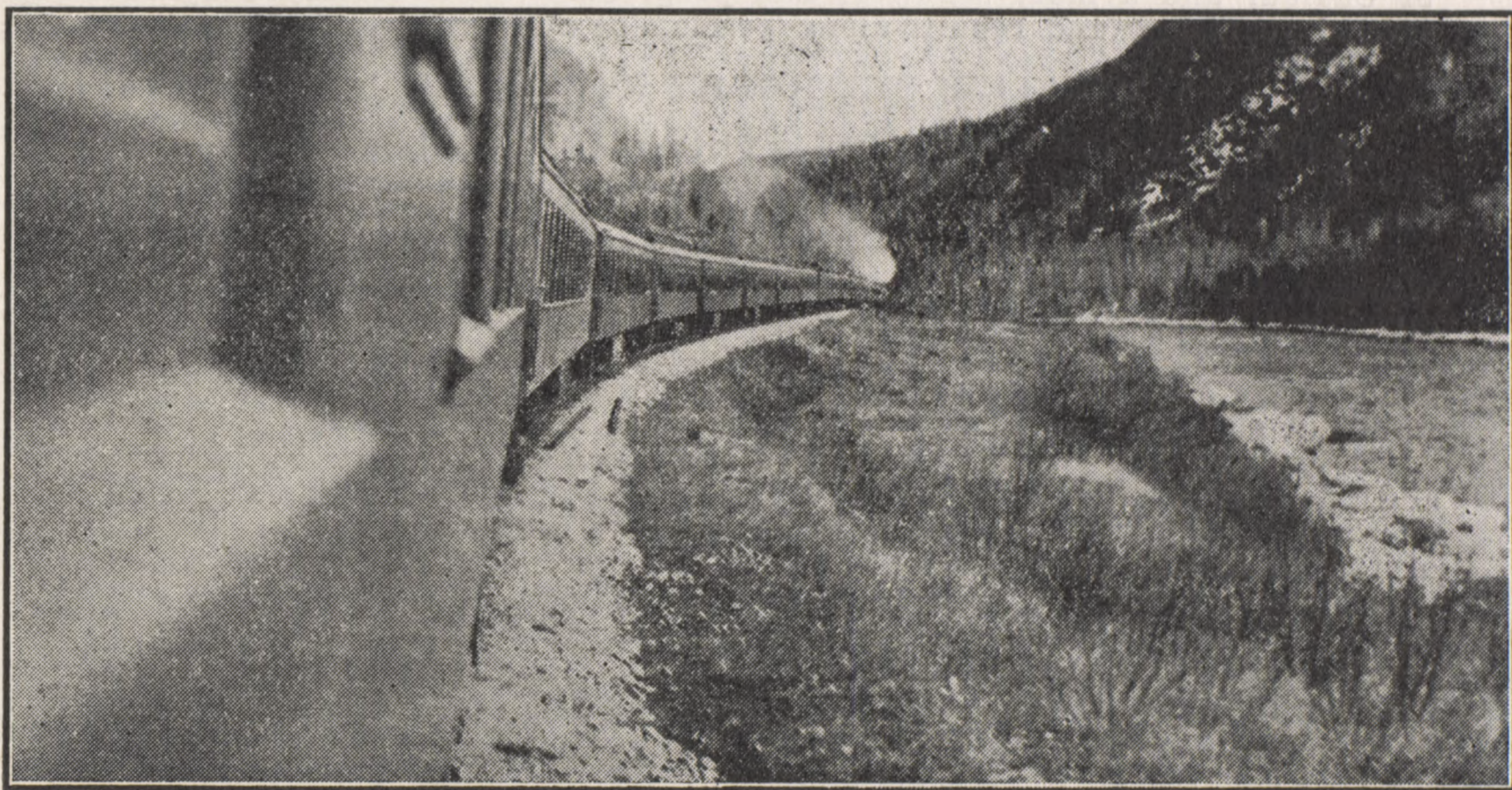
While this is being written, to thousands of other Canadian homes the wires are bearing sorrowful tidings from the front. Each day the long list lengthens. It seems and it is a senseless slaughter of such young lives as Private McDermott, that the whole world must miss; but it is not of our seeking, the blood-guilt rests on none of the Allies.

At the call of duty, at the demand of patriotism, our bravest and our

best went forth, fully realizing the sacrifice they must be prepared to make. They fought no despot's battle, no lust of conquest ran in their minds. They died as soldiers, but they were no followers of the bloody trade of war. As citizens in defense of the freedom won by their sires; as patriots defending the honor of their country; as knights sworn to avenge wrongs, to repel a ruthless invader, a fiendish military clan, a despotic power that would have enslaved the world, they took up arms, fought their fight and died that WE might be free. Of such was Private John McDermott, who is just as great a hero as if he had fallen with the hundreds and thousands other brave sons of Canada on the bloody slopes of Vimy Ridge, or had met his death in one of the German prisons of hatred and famine.

PARADE AT CHAUDIERE JUNCTION

Chaudiere Junction, 153 miles distant from Montreal, was reached after ten hours' journey, and here we had a good march-out that gave the



On the banks of the Miramichi.

officers and men a much-needed chance for exercise. A few English-speaking people were most kind. Mrs. DeBoo gave us every assistance in getting mail posted, and her daughter, a vivacious young lady, very kindly headed the parade and pointed out the best route.

"RIVIERE DU LOUP, SAME OLD COON WITH ANOTHER RING AROUND HIS TAIL"

Riviere du Loup, a town of 6000 people and only six English-speaking families, was reached at 2.30 A.M., and if it had been 2.30 P.M. we would have been fully as welcome there as "a fly in a pie." But they did NOT stone our train, and if they had there would have been some strange faces in hell the next morning, and they would not have been Highlanders.

On April 26th at 10 A.M., we arrive at Mont Joli, which is distant from Montreal 360 miles and the point where we leave the majestic St. Law-

rence, upon the shores of which we have travelled one hundred and fifty miles.

CELEBRATED MATAPEDIA VALLEY

Our course now takes a south-easterly direction and runs the entire course of the world-famed Matapedia Valley. The day is fine, and the men are enjoying the beautiful scenery which is so diversified by hill and dale, by mountain and meadow, by pleasant valleys and rich intervalles, that the eye never wearies.

At 2.30 P.M. we reach the good old Scotch town of Campbellton, our first stop in the Province of New Brunswick, which is bounded on the north by the romantic Baie de Chaleur and the historic Province of Quebec; on the east by the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Northumberland Straits; on the south by the Land of Evangeline and the majestic Bay of Fundy, and on the west by the great Republic of the United States.

Here we were received with open arms (Captain Reid will bear me out in this statement), and the Colonel ordered a parade which was held throughout the principal streets of the town, which is situated on the Bay of Chaleur and a most beautiful and progressive town destroyed by fire several years ago and rebuilt along permanent and progressive lines.

WIRELESS STATION AT NEWCASTLE

At Newcastle, one hundred miles further up the Miramichi River, we saw the largest wireless station in America, and also a large internment camp for alien enemies.

Moncton, which is one thousand two hundred and nineteen miles from Windsor, Ont., was reached at 6.00 P.M. on Thursday, April 26th. This thriving little city is known far and wide to all soldiers as "Patriotic Moncton." The City Bands meet every battalion en route to the front, and the good housewives bring tea and other comforts to all trains bringing wounded men back to their homes or to hospitals in Canada.

It contains the general offices and shops of the Intercolonial Railway and has a population of 16,000. It is situated at the head of navigation on the Petitcodiac River, and is of special interest to tourists on account of the wonderful tidal phenomenon, known as the "Tidal Bore," which consists of a great wall of water forced up the narrow river by the rising tide of the Bay of Fundy, which is also responsible for the wonderful reversing falls at St. John, both being a constant source of wonder and attraction, the tides having a rise and fall of nearly thirty feet, and with each turn of the tide the cataract turns.

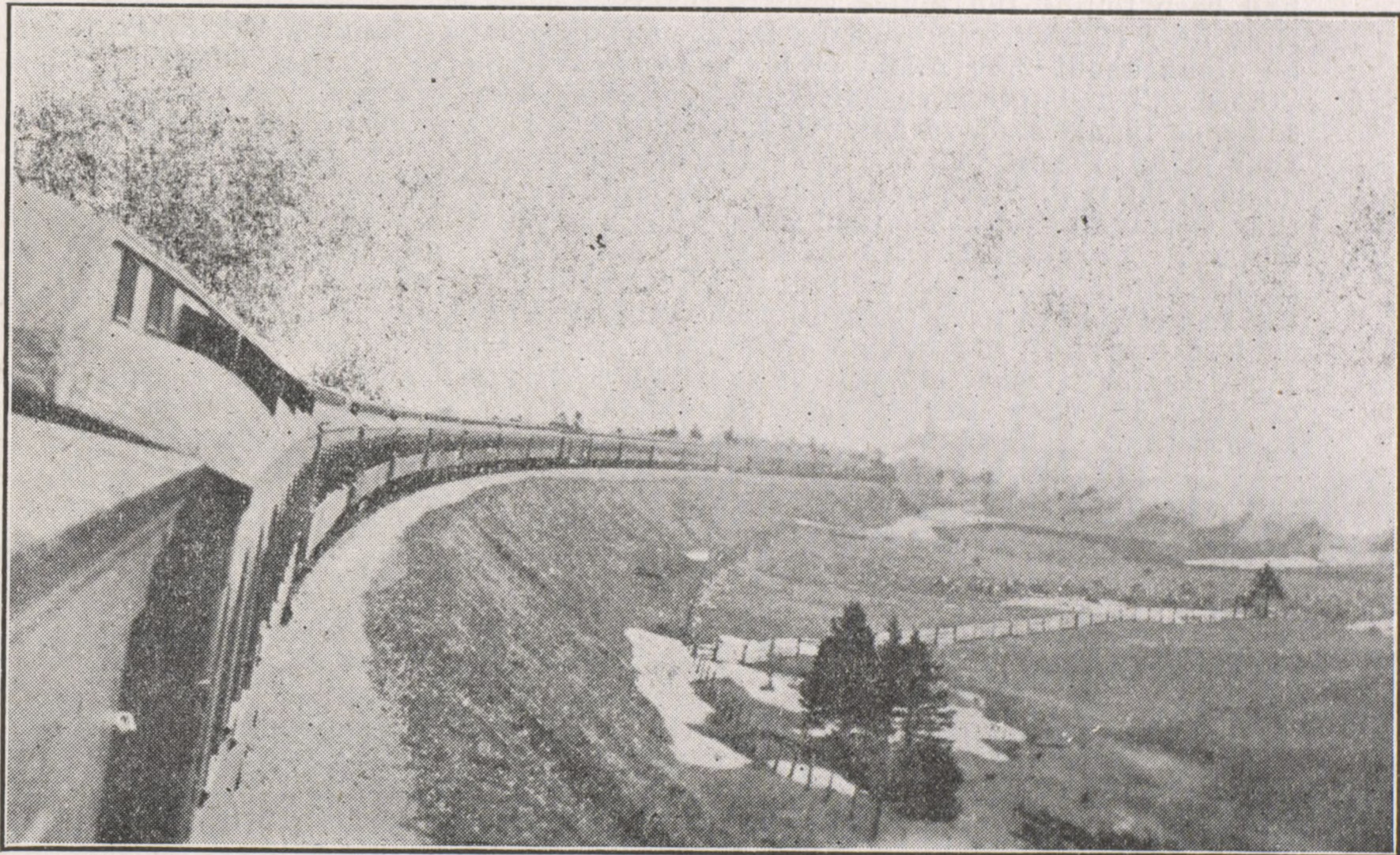
BAND CONCERT EN ROUTE TO TRURO

While the officers were partaking of the evening meal, that Prince of the Clan of noble Scouts, Capt. J. Fred. Reid, announced that at 8.00 p.m. the Bands (we had two of the finest on earth) would give a little concert in honor of the writer. Well—in the language of the street, believe me it was some concert. Jimmie McIntyre sang "Loch Lomond" in his own inimitable style. Lieut. Brennan rendered several choice selections. J. Fred Reid. was master of ceremonies and of course Maurice Twomey had to be there to put on the finishing touches. Pipe Major Copland and Brass Major Springstein had their respective organization in fine form. There were cornet solos and clarionet duets and piccolo quartettes. The Bands played everything from "Tipperary," on through "The Land of the Maple Leaf" into "Dixie Land." There were clog and buck and wing dancers, and those who could "cut the pigeon wing." Both bands held a special parade throughout the entire length of the train, and to me they have dedicated that beautiful little gem from the Bird of Paradise, "Aloha O!" So say Williams, McBride and Walters, of the 241st Brass Band.

Copland says the Pipers will soon play "Dixie." Before the close of the concert which all enjoyed thoroughly, the writer took advantage of the occasion to tell the men that only one short year ago he was an honored guest of another battalion whose men and officers had shown him every courtesy, and that to-night many of them slept the sleep that knows no waking, and that in honor of the memory of the members of the Ninety-Ninth Battalion who had offered up their young lives as a sacrifice upon the altar of human liberty, we have the band play the same tune that the 99th Band played the last time I heard them, "Nearer My God to Thee." They played it beautifully, while every man stood and removed his hat as a tribute to fallen heroes.

FIRST TROOPS THROUGH AMERICAN TERRITORY

Truro, Nova Scotia, 1343 miles from the city where "'Tis a privilege to live," was reached on Friday at 2.30 P.M., and here we ran alongside



Valley of the Matapedia.

of perhaps a dozen troop trains, notably one containing the 63rd Battery from Vancouver, who enjoyed the peculiar distinction of being the first and only Canadian soldiers, up to this time, to cross U.S.A. territory, their train having made a short cut via Canadian Pacific Railway through the State of Maine. Here, both Brass and Pipe Bands paraded and entertained 5,000 people to real music. The writer was accorded the honor of heading the parade, and when the Brass Band struck up "Dixie" no more enthusiasm could have been manifested in Richmond, Virginia, the ancient capital of the Confederate State of America.

From Truro we reached Windsor Junction—nobody knew when we arrived, how long we were to stay or when we left. It is a lonely spot on the Shubenacadie River, said to be 14 miles from Halifax. It is used as an internment camp for troop trains in which measles, mumps or a "longing for Halifax" is suspected. Upon investigation we discovered that for some time past every train had been sentenced to solitary confinement at Windsor Junction from twelve to 48 hours. Private Peter Aleck got left here, and when he discovered what the place looked like without our train, he immediately ran 14 miles in two hours and joined his platoon before they embarked.

While the boys "may not long remember what I say here," they will not soon forget what we did there. While there may be doubt about the time of the arrival and departure from the said Junction, yet all agree that we staid there all night, and thereby hangs a tale in which the Hon. Bill Fowle, Major Kenning and a nail keg full of "Kippered herring" play an important role, aided and abetted by all of the occupants of the "Maybrook" on the night of Friday, April 27th, Anno Domini One Thousand Nine Hundred and Seventeen. But I am getting ahead of my story. All along the route I had been telling the junior officers that the chief occupation of the Red Hats near Halifax was ordering kit inspection among incoming battalions. So along about 2.30 A.M., while Lieut-Col. Urquhart who was officer of "the day," had things so quiet that one could have heard a "gum drop," someone loudly shouted out, "Kit inspection! Platoon commanders notify your men. Slacks will do." Then there were doings. Lieutenants came down from their "lofts" like flying squirrels and commenced dressing like they were going to a fire, and a fire that was burning their own property at that. I overheard Islay Reid say "one of these high-combed roosters from Halifax. I suppose he is looking for grog. He will not find any, for the Pioneers have tried faithfully for the past two days." Anyway he was dressed in a jiffy and having visited his car, returned and reported, "Sir, I find that kit inspection will be impossible in cars 9 and 10, on account of light, of which there is none, unless the sense of smell and touch is abnormally developed in the inspecting officer."

After all were up and in slacks it transpired that the officer ordering the inspection was a "confederate officer," and the inspection was forthwith abandoned, and so was the thought of sleep, for the balance of the night. Now, when an Irishman cannot find any immediate use for his shilalah, a Scotchmen can find nothing to drink, and an American nothing to brag about, all hands are generally unanimous upon the subject of eating.

So instead of kit inspection of the privates there was inaugurated an inspection of the officers' kits with a view of locating "grub." The car was ransacked and among other things were found a keg of "Kippered herring" in Major Kenning's "kit," and every man was forced at the point of a ——— fountain pen to eat to capacity. Consequently, then and there, with malice and aforethought, was created and thoroughly developed a thirst that to my knowledge was never quenched on this side of the Atlantic Ocean. Then and there was also formed a non-secret society that is destined to become famous, viz., "The 'ex-Salted' order of Kippered Herring Connoisseurs," and whose membership shall not be denied to anyone on account of politics, religion or previous prohibition sentiments.

The water coolers were soon dry and ere the king of day had shown his face over the snow-clad hills of old Nova Scotia, there were many tongues extending from the berth windows endeavoring to catch the dewdrops from heaven, that they might mingle with Bill Fowle's kippered herring and place the salt therein hors de combat, or words to that effect.

Truly it would pay Hiram Walker and Sons to bull the market and buy the entire pack and distribute them freely without money and without price, as two kippered herrings properly "kippered," will make an angel

drink. They are also good for insomnia, as after trying them out the writer tried to get a little nap in the caboose car. For the benefit of others suffering from insomnia I will relate my experience. No sooner had I dropped off to sleep than along came a man with a big corn knife and chopped my head off. Just as a couple of street dogs grabbed my head and started to run away with it, I stepped on a trolley and broke both legs. The conductor jabbed me with a long red-hot iron, and cut off my right arm above the elbow. I was negotiating with Mr. Ford for the purchase of his automobile industry when a Chinese dragon happened along and bit me in two. With a toothpick I stabbed the dragon to death, and then proceeded to eat three cakes of ice for breakfast. I had just left the table when a locomotive rushed into the room and shot me between the eyes. I jumped up and threw 150 pineapples at the fleeting engine, when all of a sudden I was picked off my feet by a monster fish and deposited in the middle of the ocean. I jumped and ran across the water, stopped a passing steamboat and climbed aboard. Hardly had I taken a seat when a huge snake swallowed me and started to fly through the air.

As I went up into the clouds I awoke to find Major King standing by me with a lovely pineapple already to eat. I had been asleep exactly ten minutes.

HALIFAX AT LAST

At 12.30 we arrived at the "Garrison City by the Sea" and soon had our last meal on board the train. At 2.30 P.M. Lieut. Winter, Officer in Command of Embarkation, came on board and arranged for detraining. He was most kind and courteous, as were all of the military men that we came in contact with at this busy seaport.

At 3.30 the battalion formed up and immediately marched to No. 2 pier where the finest steamship in the world awaited us.

The adjutant's papers were in perfect order and were highly complimented by those in authority. There was no delay and at 4.00 o'clock Sergt. McIntosh was the first man to hit the gang plank, and in thirty minutes the 241st was safely stowed away in this great leviathan of the deep, which for the first time in history now flies the white ensign.

Upon checking over the records, the officer in charge sent for Capt. Hobart A. Springle and said to him, "You have the honor of commanding the largest company in the largest battalion on board the largest steamship in the world."

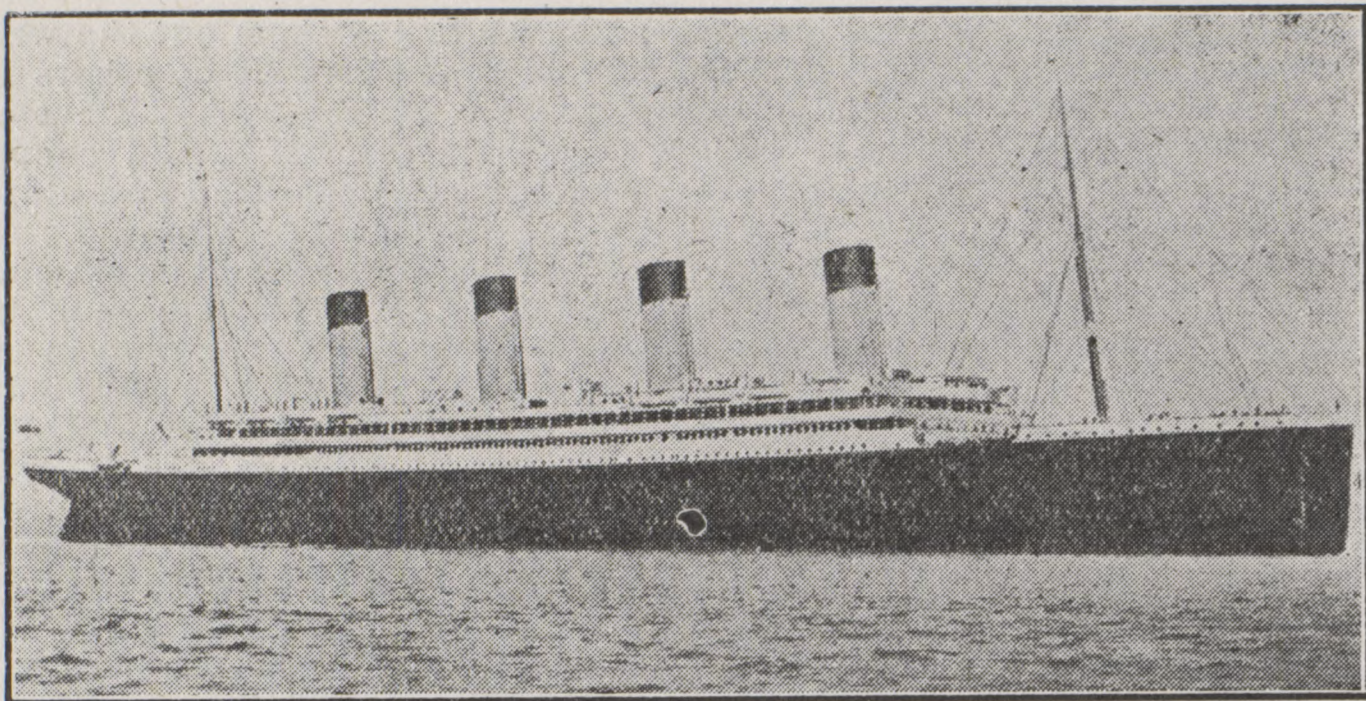
The writer has attempted on a previous occasion to describe this floating palace. "It can't be did." The half has never been told. It has a displacement of some thirty-five thousand tons, which was considerably increased when Lieut. Brennan and Pte. Fewster of the 241st came on board.

Its extreme length is 882.9 ft.; breadth 92.6; from keel to upper deck it measures one hundred and four feet. The promenade decks are sufficient to exercise 7,000 troops at one time. It consumes 300 tons of coal daily when lying at the dock, and 1800 tons when running. She has for her chief Medical Officer one of the most fascinating and efficient men in the service, and her Commander is not only one of the most experienced navigators on the globe to-day, but who is a courteous gentleman "of the old school," whom it is a pleasure to meet.

The wireless apparatus is wonderful and I will not disclose any secrets when I relate a few messages that were caught recently:

"Naval Station, Boston, Mass., April 29th. Thousands of persons were present to-day to see the launching of the new U.S. battleship 'Sprudel Water.' Miss Drinkwater of Bath, Maine, broke a bottle of red raven splits over the ship's bow."

"Guam, P.I., April 29th. The submarine 'Milkshake' put in here to-day for minor repairs."



Where Colonel McGregor Sits is the "Head of the Table."

"Charleston, S.C., April 29th. Senators, congressmen and officials of the U.S. navy were here to-day when the keel was laid of the armored cruiser, 'Strawberry Sundae.' "

"Portsmouth, N.H., April 29th. Shore leave was extended here to-day to the crew of the dreadnought 'Bubbling Spring.' In the afternoon the boys attended an apron sale, and in the evening they made rag carpets for the benefit of the local hospital."

"Naval Station, Hawaii, April 29th. The collier, 'Closing Hymn,' put in here to-day."

"Boston Navy Yard, April 29th. The auxiliary cruiser, 'Lemon Ice,' sailed to-day for Vanilla." Etc., etc.

In publishing the above I trust that there has been nothing disclosed that would give aid and comfort to the enemy.

A SPLENDID RECORD

Just here it might not be out place to state that we left Windsor with a total strength of 653 men, rank and file, and we landed in Halifax with 652 men, the train being closely pursued by Pte. Peter Alex, at Nancy Hanks speed with his kilts snapping in the morning breeze, like an awning flap in a March wind.

The railway officials complimented us highly upon the behavior of the men, none of the equipment being damaged and the train was at all times orderly and scrupulously clean. One thing that impressed the writer more than any other one thing, was the spirit of harmony that existed throughout the battalion. Colonel McGregor had won and retained the love, confidence and respect of his men and officers alike, and if there was any discord I didn't see it, and I was awake the most of the time.

I feel that every man on the train vied with each other in showing every courtesy to the writer. There were "three cheers" and Hip, Hip, Hurrahs continually. Car number 10 was beautifully decorated with holly and spruce, and upon either door was my photograph surrounded by a wreath of mistletoe, and immediately above this were entwined the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack. I deserved no such honor but appreciated it nevertheless.

There are six hundred and fifty-three men that I would like to mention personally by name, and a thousand favors for which I would like to return thanks, but time and space forbid. But I cannot close without thanking the N.C.O.'s and men for the beautiful sterling silver cigarette container

they gave me, and which was engraved as follows: "Presented to Mr. William T. Gregory by the N.C.O.'s and men of the Two Hundred and Forty-First Battalion, C.E.F., Canadian Scottish Borderers. Halifax, April 28th, 1917."

LUXURIOUS APARTMENTS.

As the 241st was the strongest battalion on board the ship, Colonel McGregor was made O.C. of the largest portion of the ship, and the officers were quartered in the Louis, Italian Renaissance and Modern "suites," which in appointments were equal to those to be had in the Waldorf Astoria. For military purposes the rooms go by numbers instead of "names." Colonel McGregor and Major Kenning occupied No. 51, Captain Bartlett and your humble servant No. 53, Captain Reid and Lieut. W. W. Fergusson No. 55, Captains Albright and Springle No. 57, Lieut. Evans and Capt. Lewis No. 59, Lieuts. Urquhart and Reid No. 61, Major King and Capt. Wigle No. 63, Lieuts. Twomey and Brennan No. 49, Lieuts. Logan and Reaume No. 56, Lieuts. Sale and G. A. Fergusson No. 58, Lieuts. Davies and Leighton No. 60. The men were all comfortably located on the lower decks and they were soon wandering over the great ocean liner seeing everything that was to be seen. On Sunday morning everyone was up bright and early, and although I thought the battalion had been "tested out" for everything from "croup to atherio sclerosis," the first thing I knew they were all in line and the ship's surgeon was giving the boys one "grand last final and supreme test" for "mumps." We emerged from this ordeal with the loss of five men, and felt thankful that it was not twenty-five, as the 68th Battery from Vancouver had recently been quarantined for this disease.

After discovering that we were the only battalion on board that had two "real" bands and thinking church parade over, our entire outfit proceeded to parade around the ship with the Pipe and Brass Bands leading. We came to a sudden stop when we ran into the 176th which was holding a church parade, and we could do nothing more than stop the "pipes" and offer an apology, which we did.

Soon everything was ready for a quick get-a-way and at 6.06 P.M. on Sunday, April 29th, the gangplank was drawn, and at 6.22 the ship was moving under her own steam and at 6.39 she had passed beyond the vision of the strongest pair of glasses. Mr. Gordon McGregor, who had come from Windsor, Ont., to see the boys off, Captain Beal, Sergeant-Major Pierce and myself were on top of the immense pier and had a splendid view-point to witness the departure of as fine a lot of troops as ever crossed the Atlantic.

HOMEWARD BOUND

Next day, in company with Mr. Emile Gaboury, I visited the 245th Battalion at Elmdale, 40 miles away from Halifax, and found Colonel Ballantyne and his crack corps "doing time" at Elmdale instead of Windsor Junction. We saw them off and commenced the long and tedious journey home, and when I reached Windsor, Ont., the first man I saw was the Mayor of the Detroit River. He said, "Colonel, I am delighted to see you. What position do you occupy now?" "Oh!" I answered, "I am a Rough Rider now." He says, "You don't mean to tell me that you renounced your allegiance to the Canadian Army and joined 'Teddy' Roosevelt's outfit, do you?" I said, "No, I have simply ridden the midnight car from the M.C.R. station, and you have to be a 'rough rider' to do that."

And here endeth the first chapter.

Bedford Basin Finest on Earth

"Betty Bullet," writing in the Toronto News, says:

Down by the sea, at Halifax, the Indians named it Chebucto, "greatest of havens," and truly it stands unrivalled in the world—on one side its harbor, where a thousand ships can ride safely at anchor—on the other its famed Northwest Arm, where youth and pleasure meet in idle hours; to the south the open sea, and behind it all the strength and power of this mighty Dominion.

Out in the harbor are ships and sailors, men from the Dardanelles and Vancouver, from the North Sea and the Falkland Islands, men who through the long silent watches have guarded our coasts and kept our land inviolate. The men in blue give a peculiar distinctive something to every place they honor with their presence. As the old song says, "There's something about a sailor, when you know what sailors are," what secrets are theirs and what silence they keep. See them on the streets, how trim and smart they look—always in small companies, yet resourceful, self-reliant, fearless. Blue jackets and marines, seamen and midshipmen, officers and admirals—all in one great class, valiant, Christian gentlemen. There isn't a cad in the Navy. And our Sailor King—how they adore him!

Hither for two long years and more have come other men, men who had not travelled and who had not seen the wide world and all it has to show. These had left the plow and the axes and the pen, the counter, the desks and the farm—our peerless young Canadian manhood—and they were going far across the sea to strange lands, to fight for King and country, for home and liberty. Some of them sailed away with but a passing glance of the old garrison city and all its wealth of natural beauty and old historic landmarks. Some were detained here and paraded and drilled and admired, and introduced to the public by their chaplain, and entertained with open-hearted Maritime hospitality.

Here the blue and the khaki met and each was tremendously curious about the other, and at first, perhaps a little in awe of the other, but are



Daughters of the Empire present colors to the Ninety-ninth
London, Ont., May 20th, 1916

they not united in a common cause, on active service? Ere long they begin to fraternize and each is such a revelation to the other.

The sailors talk of the grey North Sea, and Jutland and Helgoland, of the Falkland Islands and the Dardanelles. This sailor was in none of these battles, his ship had duty elsewhere. They were on patrol and in ten months they bagged sixty-eight enemy merchantmen. But their record has not been published yet. All the fleet divides the spoils, and the patrols share the glories of the fighting. "All a matter of luck, you know—the opportunity was ours and we took it. They would have done the same, if they had had the chance." Such generous-hearted magnanimity, such love and honor of the brethren. Truly these are they that "go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters."

STAND BY THE GOVERNMENT

Meantime, what of the folks at home? Are we playing the game or are we looking for decorations? We have been a young country, struggling to get on our national feet, and business has so thoroughly saturated our minds for so long, that we cannot yet see past profits. We forget that man has a soul as well as a body. Then, too, we have been living under such a nervous strain that we sometimes fail to regard things from a proper viewpoint, and are inclined to be irritable, and fond of finding fault and of airing imaginary grievances.

Then the Government is blamed for everything and a nice spice is given to conversation by talking of "pull" and "graft," and money and influence. Isn't this a slander on our national life and a reflection on everyone who calls himself Canadian? As if the representative men whom we, as citizens, have elected to power and who sent our soldiers across the sea in honor's cause, have so far forgotten themselves that our national virtue, our national conscience and our Canadian honor have been banished from our shores! Is it any wonder that honest men hesitate to assume public responsibilities when this is their reward?

The Canadian Government could not possibly take better care of its men. It has already far outdistanced every other country in the world in its generosity in making provision for the care, treatment, re-education, employment and pensions of its returned soldiers. And the last word has not yet been spoken.

How could, or why should, the Government of Canada deprive one single returned man of one dollar of his pay or one dollar of his pension? The central authorities have made every provision as far as experience has gone in this new business, to give every man a square deal.

Discharged men are taken back to Convalescent Homes and put back on pay and allowances, while they are taking advantage of the opportunities offered by vocational training for increasing their wage-earning capacity by developing natural skill and ability.

In every department, where a returned soldier feels an injustice has been done him, the way is open for review, revision and re-adjustment.

Put the facts before the proper persons. If it is a matter of pay, apply to the Pay and Records Office, Ottawa. The penalty is heavy for any officer presuming to deprive any soldier of the full amount due to him. If it is a matter of pension, apply to the Board of Pension Commissioners who have branch offices in the provincial capitals for this very purpose. If it is a matter of dissatisfaction with the findings of the Medical Boards, a man may go to his family physician and get an affidavit that his rating was too low.

Name the individual, get the evidence, go to the proper person, then the grievance will be investigated, wrongs righted and justice done.

There is no politics in this matter. It is a square deal between the country and the men who have defended it.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

COLONEL MCGREGOR

throughout the entire trip typified, in a marked degree, the dignity, reservedness and other essential qualities of a commanding officer, although it did seem to me that he and (name deleted) did march a little further in front of the parade at ——— than called for K. R. & O. But then it was a "Long ways to Windsor, Ont." He didn't have any last words. The writer staid with him until the last minute.

MAJOR KENNING,

second in command, besides being the Colonel's right-hand man, was continually doing "something for somebody" to add to the joy of the occasion. Every inch a soldier, and every infinitesimal fraction of an inch a gentleman. Being a lawyer I couldn't get a thing on him. He always proved an alibi. But when you mention "kippered herring" he smiles the smile that won't come off.

MAJOR GEORGE C. KING

"King by name and "Prince" by nature. A gentleman to the "Manor" born and the type of army officer that has made the word "Canadian" the proudest title that any man can wear. He was so thoroughly congenial, companionable and cheerful that we dedicated Thursday, April 26th, as "His" day. Everybody knows the Major and those who do not should look him up. He is "all wool and a yard wide."

CAPTAIN BARTLETT,

quiet, dignified and reserved on almost all occasions, can make a man think he is doing him a favor when he refuses a request. Modest, and just a little bashful, yet I saw ———; but I am not telling any tales out of school. And besides of all the invitations I had, I shared B 53 with him.

CAPT. J. FRED. REID

"Now you are talking sense." Some quarter-master—"take it from me and take your cold hands away." Big hearted and kind, and generous to a fault. As a director of Band Concerts he has John Phillip Sousa "lashed to the mast and the compass thrown overboard." April 28th was the eighth anniversary of his entrance into the holy bonds of matrimony, and the same was most befittingly observed on board H.M.S. (name deleted). Captain, here is hoping that the future may hold for you unalloyed bliss and that the picture taken at Campbellford may never get farther east than Pike's Creek or Tecumseh.

CAPTAIN BEAL

The most popular man in the battalion with the rank and file. More accentuated on the first and fifteenth days of the month. He stuck to the pay car like a Grit to a federal office and turned his records over in perfect order.

CAPTAIN LEWIS,

Medical Officer. Can tell a case of mumps by hearing a man sneeze three miles away, and knows the middle name of every ailment that human flesh is heir to. During the earlier part of the trip many of our men reported themselves as suffering from toothache, and when the M.O. began prescribing liberal doses of Epsom salts there was no more toothache. Hence a valubale contribution has been given to the profession.

CAPTAIN DOUGLAS ST. JOHN WIGLE

Another veteran. Was with the old 18th. Has more girls than any man in the Battalion and wrote to them all every day, censored the letters himself and gave them to the writer to mail. He is a strict disciplinarian, is idolized by his men and his moustache is making every effort to "live up" to army regulation.

I. L. McCOLL

Battalion lack of strength prevented his going as a Lieutenant so he tore off his rank insignia and drew No. 1046003, as a Buck Private. Not one in a thousand would do it. He did it and he was idolized by the men. Watch him. He will "make good." He is of the stuff of which heroes are made.

LIEUT. ISLAY REID

The type of young officer that has made Canada famous. Doesn't know anything about the word "can't." Can dress quicker than a fire horse and is always on the job. He will win a V.C. if there are any left.

CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT

One of the most soldierly and best-posted men in the regiment. Is popular with men and officers alike, and had rather go over a parapet than say good-bye. The girls all said, "Too bad he is married."

LIEUT. LEIGHTON

Next to Capt. Springle, the handsomest man on board, and is a charming conversationalist. Knows the military game from A to izzard. He is a married man and his home address is Walkerville, Ont.

LIEUT. R. M. SALE.

Another good looker, and strange to say they are all married. The Lieutenant has done some splendid recruiting work and is one of the most popular officers in the 241st. Like Captain Wigle, the capillary substance on his upper lip is rapidly approaching the army standard.

LIEUT. WILLIAM ROWLEY BRENNAN

Australian, with a taste for the "Scotch." Has a beautiful voice and is the author of that touching little ballad so dear to every soldier's heart en-



Slow train through Quebec. The Colonel takes a moving picture.

titled, "Don't Care If I Do." Physically, not quite up to the mark. A marked deficiency in adipose tissue has caused the M.O. to put him on a diet of beef extract, malted milk and other highly nutritious foods.

CAPTAIN HOBART A. SPRINGLE

As before mentioned, he commands the largest Company, in the largest battalion, on the largest boat in the world, and has a heart as big as all three. Handsomest man in the battalion—at least that's what the girls all said, and besides he is a gentleman of the "old school." His only bad habit is that of wearing silk pajamas, and this has now been prohibited by a very recent army order.

LIEUT. CLARENCE T. EVANS

One of the few officers in the battalion who is unmarried. Would make some girl a mighty fine husband. Has a fondness for roses and for Leamington. Plays a mouth organ when he is not writing letters or studying military tactics. Was court-martialled for "Harboring" a Ukalele on board the train. His habits are most exemplary, doesn't even drink lemonade.

LIEUT. J. STANLEY REAUME

"If the Hun shoots at him once, he hollers for more—he knows how it is. He has been there before." Won his spurs on the battlefield and has the spirit that has made Canada famous. He is going back to help finish the job. Like good old "Bobs," he "doesn't advertise," yet we all know that he has stood "within the valley of the shadow of death" a thousand times during the days that "tried men's souls." He is unmarried and would make some girl "mighty happy."

LIEUT. DAVE LOGAN

The Beau Brummel of the battalion. This is a sample of how he hands out the stuff so dear to every girl's heart:

As is the mint sauce to the lamb,
As is the fried egg to the ham,
As is the 'possum' to the yam,
Are you to me!
Like pork without the apple sauce,
Like hot cross buns without the cross,
Without you, love, a total loss
My life would be!

Like apple pie without the cheese,
Or juicy lamb without the peas,
Or lemon ice that will not freeze,
Would be my life.
You are the syrup to my cakes,
You are the mushrooms to my steaks,
And so I beg for both our sakes,
Oh, be my wife!

I love you with my heart and soul,
More than young squab en casserole,
More than French dressing in the bowl,
Oh, do be mine!
What? No? My future thus you spoil!
My salad you deprive of oil!
Farwell! But still the pot will boil!
I go to—dine!

LIEUT. W. W. FERGUSON

One of the finest types of a "Highland" officer. Gets up "soon in the morning," and when the Colonel has a special mission in view he generally lets "Scotty do it." He has held recruiting meetings in every town in the first district, and his personal popularity has added many men to the roll of the "Borderers." He doesn't use whiskey or tobacco, and in the absence of a Chaplain, as above stated, the Colonel lets "Scotty do it."

LIEUTS. GORDON DAVIES AND G. A. FERGUSON

This admission on my part will no doubt give "aid and comfort" to those who are continually complaining that "soldiering" corrupts the morals of our youth and heads many for perdition. Even such exemplary characters as Messrs. Davies and Ferguson, when last seen by the writer, were chewing gum and drinking red lemonade. It is with much reluctance on my part that I mention such "riotous scenes," yet as this is supposed to be a true account of the 241st from "Camp to Hammock," I feel it a christian duty to record the fact. Although not being a pessimist, it would not surprise me to hear that before the boat landed, one or both had learned to play "Ping Pong."

LIEUT. GEORGE A. URQUHART

A gentleman and a scholar and a judge of good ——— soldiers. We have many pleasant recollections of him, and not least among them, is the fact of his being "officer of the day" for one whole "night" at Windsor Junction, N.S. I can yet hear him reciting those old familiar lines by Coleridge:

"Water, water, everywhere
And all the boards did shrink,
Water, water, everywhere
Nor any drop to drink."

There was some talk of having him court-martialled for dying his moustache, but the Colonel decided there was not sufficient evidence to warrant such proceedings.

He is a lineal descendant of Sir Thomas Urquhart, of Cromarty, who said:

"Take man from woman, all that she can show
Of her own proper, is naught else but wo."

But none of us blame the Lieutenant for that, as we know he would not agree to such a proposition.

LIEUT. MAURICE TWOMEY

He is a fountain of wit, wisdom and sunshine that never goes dry. Men whose rich bachelor uncles had died and willed their property to an orphan asylum; men whose mothers-in-law have come to spend the summer with their hen-pecked husbands; undertakers, Englishmen and all kinds of solemn and sunless natures have been known to listen to Maurice Twomey and laugh joyously. So, reader, if your heart is filled with the sad ruins of crushed hopes and shattered promises and blighted dreams; and if you find here and there in mournful heaps the sharp thorns of stinging memories, and if you wear the crown of sorrow by remembering happier days, and are keeping in the sacred book-case of hallowed memories the old faded letters, all yellow and tear-stained, evidences of a love that once glowed and a hope that once beamed, but now dead and in ashes; I say if such things are true, cheer up and find comfort in the fact that Mr. Twomey may some day come your way, and all of these troubles will pass away in the glowing of an eternal sunlight of happiness—even as the dew-drops, the tears of the night, do leave their glistening home in the petal of the flowers and melt at the approach of the sunbeams, and pass away in the auroral streamings of an effulgent morning, for there is always sunshine in the mansion or hut where Maurice Twomey hangs his hat.



Home Again.

SCHEDULE OF TROOP TRAIN No. 241

Miles				
0	Windsor.....	lv.	9.50 a.m.	Tuesday, April 24th
	London.....	lv.	2.30 p.m.	" "
235	Toronto.....	ar.	5.30 p.m.	" "
	"	lv.	7.00 p.m.	" "
369	Montreal	ar.	7.30 a.m.	Wednesday, April 25th
	"	lv.	9.00 a.m.	" "
722	Chaudiere Jct.	ar.	7.45 p.m.	" "
	"	lv.	9.00 p.m.	" "
846	River du Loup	lv.	2.20 a.m.	Thursday, April 26th
929	Mont Joli	lv.	10.00 a.m.	" "
1034	Campbellton...	ar.	2.30 p.m.	" "
	"	lv.	4.00 p.m.	" "
1219	Moncton.....	lv.	6.00 p.m.	" "
1343	Truro	ar.	2.30 p.m.	Friday, April 27th
	"	lv.	4.00 p.m.	" "
1391	Windsor Jct...	ar.	6.30 p.m.	" "
1391	"	lv.	11.00 a.m.	Saturday, April 28th
1405	Halifax	ar.	12.00 m.	" "

Embarked 4.30 p.m. Saturday, April 28th, sailed 6.06 p.m., Sunday, April 29th, 1917

DISTRIBUTION OF THE UNIT

- Car No. 1—Baggage Car.
- Car No. 2—Battalion Headquarters and Orderly Room.
- Car No. 3—Pioneers and Signallers.
- Car No. 4—Pipe and Brass Bands.
- Car Nos. 5 and 6—"A" Company.
- Car Nos. 7, 8 and 9—"B" Company.
- Car Nos. A and B—Kitchen and Dining Room Cars.
- Car Nos. 10 and 11—"C" Company.
- Car Nos. 12 and 13—"D" Company.
- Car No. 14—Machine Gun Section.
- Car No. 15—Hospital and Guards.
- Car No. 16—Palace Car "Maybrook."
- Car No. 17—Railway Employees.

Nominal Roll of 241st Battalion, C. E. F.

LT.-COL. WALTER LEISHMAN MCGREGOR
 MAJOR EDWARD CAMPBELL KENNING
 MAJOR GEORGE CLARENCE KING
 CAPT. (Adj.) WALTER GEORGE BARTLETT
 HON. CAPT. (Q.M.) JOHN FREDERICK REID
 CAPTAIN (M.O.) GEORGE FRANKLIN LEWIS
 CAPTAIN HOBART ANDERDON SPRINGLE
 CAPTAIN DOUGLAS ST. JOHN WIGLE
 CAPTAIN SOLON ALBRIGHT
 LIEUT. CLARENCE THORNE EVANS
 LIEUT. WALLACE WILSON FERGUSON
 LIEUT. JOHN STANLEY REAUME
 LIEUT. GEORGE ALEXANDER URQUHART
 LIEUT. MAURICE REIDY TWOMEY
 LIEUT. WILLIAM ROWLEY BRENNAN
 LIEUT. JOHN WILLIAM LEIGHTON
 LIEUT. GORDON DAVIES
 LIEUT. GEORGE ARTHUR FERGUSON
 LIEUT. DAVID LOGAN
 LIEUT. RHYS MANLY SALE
 LIEUT. ISLAY STANLEY REID

1045866	Pte.	Abbott, Robert Edward
1045235	Pte.	Adams, James
1045832	Pte.	Aitken, Arthur Bailey
1045793	Pte.	Alex, Peter
1046000	Pte.	Alexander, Irving
1045358	Cpl.	Allan, Allaster Murray
1045817	Pte.	Allen, David
1046005	Pte.	Allen, Douglas
1045557	Pte.	Allen, Frederick
127273	Pte.	Alstadt, John Frederick
127426	Pte.	Anderson, Archibald
651794	Pte.	Anderson, Henry Bislbie
1045658	Pte.	Anderson, Robert
1045721	Pte.	Androulakis, Stavros
1045870	Pte.	Annan, Harry McFadyon
1045874	Pte.	Antrobus, George Henry
123021	Pte.	Armstrong, Jas. Gustin
1045068	Sgt.	Arnott, Peter
1045586	Pte.	Ashbaugh, Harry Sands
1045388	Sgt.	Athey, Ray
727329	A-Cpl.	Avery, George Milton

1045680	Pte.	Babitz, John
1045916	Pte.	Bailey, Arthur
1045274	Pte.	Bailey, Edgar Everett
1045149	Pte.	Baird, James
1045544	Pte.	Barber, Lee Roy
1045491	Pte.	Barr, Frank Watson
1045605	Pte.	Battersby, Archibald H.
1045449	L-Cpl.	Baxter, John Kirkman
1045738	Pte.	Beaubien, Clarence Alex.
1045308	Pte.	Beaumont, Edwin H.
1045231	Pte.	Bechard, Alphy
1045217	C.S.M.	Beck, Samuel
713161	Pte.	Beer, George Thomas
1045943	Pte.	Benson, Harry Laurence
1045976	Pte.	Berry, Plympton Ross
1045734	Pte.	Bielecky, Henry
1045132	Pte.	Birtch, Charles Reginald
844044	Pte.	Black, Roy
1045900	Pte.	Black, Haddie Francis
1045911	Pte.	Blair, Archibald
1045860	Pte.	Bleasdale, Albert Fred.
1045415	Pte.	Blenkarn, Harry Daniel
1045433	Pte.	Blue, Gordon Dooley
1045780	Pte.	Blythes, Edward Samuel
1045739	Pte.	Bollen, Herman Miles
1045642	Pte.	Bolt, Howard Francis
1045641	Pte.	Bolt, Stewart Milton
1045929	Pte.	Booluchev, Timoffey
1045861	Pte.	Borrell, George
1045034	Cpl.	Boufford, Joseph Elmer
1045041	Cpl.	Boufford, Leo Joseph
1045425	Pte.	Bourdon, Arthur Joseph
1045550	Pte.	Boyle, Harry Michael
1045318	Pte.	Bradley, William
1045703	Pte.	Brazier, Xavier
1045296	C.Q.M.S.	Brett, John Alexander
.844136	Pte.	Broadbent, Garnet Con.
1045139	Pte.	Brogan, Thomas Wm.
1045004	Pte.	Brooks, Thomas
1045610	Pte.	Brooks, Fred. Levern
1045999	Pte.	Brown, Lewis William
1045828	Pte.	Bruemmer, C. W. Rudolf
1045108	Pte.	Buller, Redvers Henry
1045652	Pte.	Bullock, Charles Edwin
1045710	Pte.	Burke, James Bernard
1045690	Pte.	Burns, Charles Joseph
1045902	Pte.	Burns, Edward Joseph
1045222	Pte.	Burns, George Frederick
1045773	Pte.	Burns, Leo Fitzmaurice
1045987	Pte.	Burton, William Walter
1045404	Pte.	Butler, Robert Wilson
1045040	Pte.	Buxton, Earl Russell

1045865	Pte.	Cahill, Edward Francis
1045413	Pte.	Calka, Tom
1045024	Pte.	Calvert, Leonard Wm.
1045340	Pte.	Cameron, Hugh Gilbert
1045894	Pte.	Cameron, Norman Hugh
1045002	A-Cpl.	Campbell, Albert
1045564	Pte.	Campbell, William Jas.
1045227	Pte.	Canning, Archibald S.
90958	Pte.	Carroll, Bert Gwylliam
1045512	Pte.	Carroll, George Rupert
1045339	Pte.	Carson, Enos Randall
1045142	L-Cpl.	Cartlidge, Lorne Edward
1045848	Pte.	Casimatis, Emmanuel
1045655	Pte.	Chalmers, Frederick
1045760	Pte.	Chandler, Harry Kenelm
1045616	Pte.	Charles, Peter
1045892	Pte.	Charnuck, Nigivier
1045975	Pte.	Charny, Mike
1045932	Pte.	Chervakoff, Max
1045887	Pte.	Chick, Russell
751752	Pte.	Chilvers, Harry William
1045830	Pte.	Chittim, Gordon Aitkien
1045311	Pte.	Christie, Wm. Lawrence
1045771	Pte.	Cimbalek, Mike
1045782	Pte.	Ciosmak, Albert
1045047	Sgt.	Clark, Gordon Fawell
53011	Sgt.	Clarke, Charles Henry
1045795	Pte.	Clifford Norman
1045587	Pte.	Cline, Harry James
1045278	A-Sgt.	Cochrane, John
1045969	Pte.	Cockbain, Edward
1045228	Pte.	Coggan, William Arthur
1045712	Pte.	Coleman, Wm. Francis
1045819	Pte.	Conley, John L. Stewart
1045765	Pte.	Conroy, Richard Albert
1045694	Pte.	Conroy, William
1045906	Pte.	Cook, Ernest
1045258	Pte.	Cook, John
1045365	Sgt.	Copland, John
1045729	Pte.	Corbon, Lawrence Paul
1045893	Pte.	Covel, Marshall Reo
1045168	Cpl.	Cox, Herbert James
1045283	Pte.	Creacas, Gust
1045851	Pte.	Creighton, Thomas Wm.
1045663	L-Cpl.	Crisp, Edward Henry
1045869	Pte.	Cullimore, Reg. Johnson
1045836	Pte.	Cunningham, Jack R.
1045064	Pte.	Dalton, Alfred John
1045862	Pte.	Dalton, Fred.
1045336	Pte.	Davies, Thomas Meyrick
1045755	Pte.	Dawson, Ken. Atkinson
1045558	Pte.	Deemer, Edward John

1045453	Pte.	Dellaway, John
1045615	Pte.	Demos, Constine
1045022	Pte.	Dennis, William John
1045986	Pte.	Denmore, F. Cornelius
1045800	Pte.	Denton, Wm. Bernard
1045882	Pte.	Desbiens, Joseph Frank
844308	Pte.	Dewar, Albert
1045847	Pte.	Dewar, Malcolm Leroy
1045073	Pte.	Dewar, William
1045154	Pte.	Diffin, Adam Waterson
1045510	Pte.	Dittmer, Charles William
333922	Sgt.	Doidge, William Harold
1045030	A-Cpl.	Donnachie, William
1045919	Pte.	Donnelly, Peter
1045988	Pte.	Dore, William Herbert
1045360	Pte.	Douglas, Alfred
1045233	A-Cpl.	Douglas, John
1045649	Pte.	Downing, Stanley
1045679	L-Cpl.	Doyle, Larry Lee
1045291	Pte.	Drewe, James William
1045505	Pte.	Drummond, J. Douglas
1045400	Pte.	Drury, Douglas Alladice
1045403	Pte.	Drury, Henry William
1045735	Pte.	DuBerrie, Paul
1045995	Pte.	DuBois, Herbert S.
1045635	Pte.	Dubois, William Henry
1045618	Pte.	Dulac, Joseph
1045045	Pte.	Dunn, John Gordon
213793	L-Cpl.	Dunnett, Alfred Samuel
1045982	Pte.	Earl, Garnet Hugh
1045885	Pte.	Edward, Charles Kemp
1045838	Pte.	Eglin, Joseph Earl
844368	Pte.	Elrick, William
1045598	Pte.	Emilit, Anthony
1045603	Pte.	English, Jack
1045878	Pte.	Evans, Murray Carleton
1045883	Pte.	Farrell, Albert
1045368	Pte.	Farren, James Francis
1045325	Pte.	Feltz, Edward Henry
1045503	Pte.	Ferguson, Hugh
1045018	Pte.	Festorazzie, Edward
651885	Pte.	Ferrell, Thomas Leslie
675430	Pte.	Fewster, Harrison Roy
690905	Pte.	Field, Harold Moody
1045706	Pte.	Finonakis, Demetrios
1045175	Pte.	Fischback, Nicolas
1045926	Pte.	Fisher, Andrew Ludwick
1045682	Pte.	Floris, Apostolis
1045138	Pte.	Folland, George Henry
1045881	Pte.	Foote, Charles Henry
1045842	Pte.	Forsythe, Bloss Everitt

1045188	Pte.	Foster, David George
1045597	Pte.	Fox, David John
1045889	Pte.	France, Edmond
1045098	A-Cpl.	Frankel, Solomon
1045972	Pte.	Fraser, Andrew
1045078	Sgt.	Fraser, Harvey Edgar
1045589	Pte.	Fredrickson, Fred. M.
1045620	Pte.	Freeman, Clar. Ormond
1045890	Pte.	Fronozak, Julius
1045455	Pte.	Galin, Henri
1045788	Pte.	Galubchuk, Ignats
1045787	Pte.	Garland, William Henry
1045305	L-Cpl.	Garrie, David
1045896	Pte.	George, Earl Emmett
1045855	Pte.	Gerisman, Maik
1045654	Pte.	Gerlock, William
1045440	Pte.	Gianacopulos, John
1045518	Pte.	Gibb, Alexander
1045174	Pte.	Gibbon, Herbert
1045980	Pte.	Gidley, John Douglas
1045090	Pte.	Gilbert, Harold William
514019	Pte.	Gilmour, James
1045708	Pte.	Ginaros, Agolos
1045306	Pte.	Given, Fairful
1045957	Pte.	Glancy, John
192973	Pte.	Glasscock, Ed. Wm. Jos.
1045625	Pte.	Glasser, Clarence And.
1045229	Pte.	Glover, George
1045945	Pte.	Godfrey, James Reuben
1045049	Pte.	Goldsworthy, Rich. T.
1045092	Sgt.	Gordon, Henry Havelock
1045238	A-Cpl.	Gourlay, William John
1045048	C.S.M.	Grant, Allan Douglas
1045867	Pte.	Grant, James
1045395	L-Cpl.	Grant, Percy Granville
1045835	Pte.	Gray, Alexander
1045990	Pte.	Gray, George
1045163	Pte.	Gray, John
1045824	Pte.	Greenwood, Henry Ed.
1045804	Pte.	Grichanski, Triphone
1045335	Pte.	Grimes, James Henry
1045805	Pte.	Grivakis, Heralemles
675114	Pte.	Guilford, Charles Fred.
1045777	Pte.	Hall, George
1045226	Pte.	Hall, William
1045162	Pte.	Hamilton, Thomas
1045376	Pte.	Hamlyn, Charles
1045699	Pte.	Hampson, Geo. Edward
1045798	Pte.	Hare, James
1045314	Cpl.	Harper, William Bruce
1045662	Pte.	Hayes, Daniel Joseph

675636	Pte.	Haynes, Jesse
1045179	L-Cpl.	Hellinger, Ernest Arthur
1045094	Pte.	Helms, John Martin
1045016	C.Q.M.S.	Herage, Herbert George
1045161	Pte.	Herd, Thomas McAully
1045210	Pte.	Higgins, John
1045960	Pte.	Higgins, William Joseph
1045791	Pte.	Hill, Charles Eugene
1045665	Pte.	Hill, Michael Joseph
1045989	Pte.	Hiller, William Clinton
1045207	L-Cpl.	Hobbs, Albert Edward
1045839	Pte.	Hogan, Perry Cobb
1045416	L-Cpl.	Holland, Ben
127278	Pte.	Holley, Sydney
1045901	Pte.	Hopkins, Benjamin Chas.
1045746	Pte.	Horkavluk, Sawa
1045375	Sgt.	Howard, Albert Herbert
1045103	Cpl.	Howes, Fred. Stanley
1045933	Pte.	Hubley, Robert Fred.
1045195	Pte.	Humphreys, Jas. Edward
1045276	Pte.	Humphries, John
10594	Pte.	Hunter, John
1045754	Pte.	Hutchinson, Thomas N.
1045779	Pte.	Hynd, William
1045342	Pte.	Iliopoulos, Dimitrios
1045571	Pte.	Inman, Lester Jay
1045164	Pte.	Irvine, James
1045968	Pte.	Irvine, James
1045601	Pte.	Jackson, Thomas
1045144	Pte.	Jacobs, Rufus
654844	Pte.	Jacques, Geo. Milfred
1045183	Pte.	James, Frank
1045012	Sgt.	Jamison, Caulfield
1045904	Pte.	Jarvis, Lewis King
1045905	Pte.	Jarvis, Ransom
1045966	Pte.	Jeffrey, Dan
1045965	Pte.	Jeffrey, John Francis
1045328	Cpl.	Jenkins, Robert
1045941	Pte.	Jewett, Sheldon I.
1045423	Pte.	Joanidis, George
1045219	Pte.	Johnson, Delbert
1045763	Pte.	Johnson, Harold Martin
1045766	Pte.	Johnson, Mathew August
1045908	Pte.	Johnston, Arthur Heber
1045553	Pte.	Jones, Percy
1045886	Pte.	Jorden, Joseph
1045922	Pte.	Kane, Edward George
1045970	Pte.	Kaparonakis, George
1045979	Pte.	Kawecki, Stanley
1045302	Pte.	Keech, Leslie

1045555	Pte.	Kelleher, John
1045613	Pte.	Kelly, Alfred Edward
1045678	Pte.	Kelly, Frank
1045539	Pte.	Kelly, James
1045974	Pte.	Kennedy, James S.
844692	Pte.	Kennedy, John
1045197	Pte.	Kennedy, John Fraser
1045313	Pte.	Kerros, James Thomas
1045684	Pte.	Kestenue, Roman
1045669	Pte.	Kett, William Nathan
1046006	Pte.	King, Winfield Scott
1045061	Pte.	Kirkpatrick, John
1045566	Pte.	Kniseley, Henry Samp.
1045784	Pte.	Korbis, Diemetrio
1045935	Pte.	Korn, Joe
1045831	Pte.	Kotbaty, Frank
1045742	Pte.	Krete, John
1045659	Pte.	Krocsok, Nick
1045930	Pte.	Krovchenkoff, Povel
1046007	Pte.	Korpzak, Jay William
1045399	Pte.	Lab, John Adam
1045169	Pte.	LaFond, Albert
1045076	A-Sgt.	Laing, William Oswald
1045058	A-Cpl.	Lambert, Chas. Henry
1045327	Pte.	Lambert, Norman Alex.
1045185	Pte.	Langshaw, W. Frankland
1045737	Pte.	LaPaine, James
1045803	Pte.	Lapitzki, Nick
1045349	Pte.	Laughlin, Donald Ed.
1045674	Pte.	Laur, Lemon James
1045264	Pte.	Lazaros, James
1045748	Pte.	Leach, Thomas
1045476	Pte.	Leadsom, John
1045961	Pte.	LeBelle, Bert.
1045997	Pte.	Lees, John
1045390	A-Sgt.	Leishman, Robert Clark
1045880	Pte.	Leland, Frederick
1045254	Pte.	Lemakis, John
1045137	Pte.	Lennox, William
1045925	Pte.	Leshner, Charlie
1045432	Pte.	Levchak, Alexander
1045750	Pte.	Levent, George
1045813	Pte.	Lewis, Eugene Grayson
1045077	Pte.	Lewis, Richard Thos.
1046008	Pte.	Lezer, James
1045814	Pte.	Liape, James
1045711	Pte.	Lind, John August
1045027	Sgt.	Lindsey, Richard
1045826	Pte.	Lionas, Mike
1045126	L-Cpl.	Lipinsky, John
1045493	Cpl.	Lipsey, Albert
844723	Pte.	Little, Floyd Henry

1045963	Pte.	Locke, John Charles
1045592	Pte.	Loop, Harold Nelson
1045086	Pte.	Love, John Reginald
1045722	Pte.	Lukacs, Steve
1045939	Pte.	Lutey, Al Russell
1045701	Pte.	Lyons, John Joseph
1045931	Pte.	Lyons, William
1045029	L-Cpl.	MacBain, William
1045393	Pte.	MacDonald, James
1045575	Pte.	MacKay, George Wm.
1045693	Pte.	MacKellar, Donald
1045292	Pte.	Mackenzie, James
1045785	Pte.	MacKnight, Arthur Alex.
1045756	Pte.	MacLaughlin, Thomas
1045053	Pte.	MacMechan, George
1045489	Sgt.	MacNab, Duncan
1045069	A-Sgt.	MacNeill, James
1045223	Pte.	Maconochie, L. Chris.
1045177	Pte.	MacWilliam, Robert B.
1045702	Pte.	Madauss, Henri William
1045298	Pte.	Madden, John Clement
208007	Pte.	Magee, Charles
1045089	Pte.	Maguire, John
1045978	Pte.	Maike, John
1045257	Pte.	Malakonis, Gregory
1045372	Pte.	Malinoff, Edward
1045382	Pte.	Maloney, Jas. Lawrence
1045719	Pte.	Mangos, Mike
1045720	Pte.	Mangos, Mike George
1045717	Pte.	Marble, Manton
1045044	Sgt.	Margereson, Robert
6312	Pte.	Marr, John
1045691	Pte.	Marshall, James
1045001	Sgt.	Marshall, J. H. Lindsay
1045671	Pte.	Martin, Charles
1045854	Pte.	Martin, Dem
1045936	Pte.	Martin, Samuel Mathew
1045181	L-Cpl.	Mather, Kenneth E.
1045923	Pte.	Mathews, Harry Elmore
1045410	Pte.	Matthews, Melvyn
1045715	Pte.	Maurice, Graham Henry
1045020	Pte.	Maxwell, Thos. Edward
1045953	Pte.	McArthur, John
1045354	Pte.	McBride, James Jewell
1045918	Pte.	McCall, Herbert Alex.
1046003	Sgt.	McCall, Ira Lewis
1045747	Pte.	McCance, Geo. Norman
1045627	Pte.	McClay, William Berklay
1045190	Pte.	McClure, Edw. Ellsworth
1045947	Pte.	McConnell, Michael
1045841	Pte.	McCormick, Wm. Arthur
1045634	Pte.	McCray, Chas. Edward

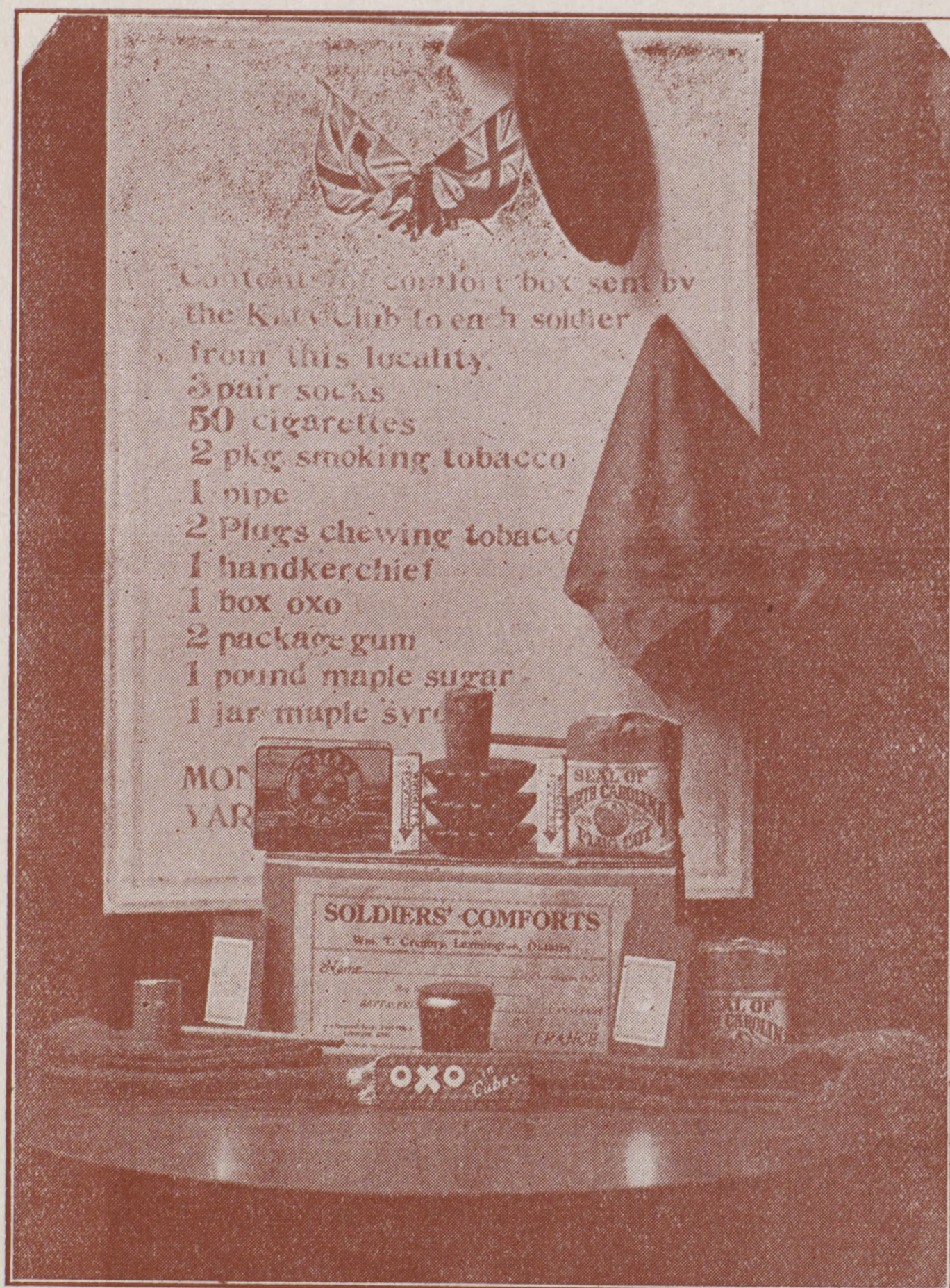
1045170	Cpl.	McCulley, James Harvey
1045431	L-Cpl.	McDiarmid, Donald
1045419	L-Cpl.	McDonald, Hugh
1045856	Pte.	McDonald, John Henry
1045052	Sgt.	McGill, Robert
1045942	Pte.	McGinty, William
1045850	Pte.	McGonagle, R. Emerson
1045452	Pte.	McGrath, Geo. Patrick
1045466	Pte.	McGregor, Donald
1045202	Pte.	McIntosh, Alex. Smith
1045038	L-Cpl.	McIntosh, Campbell S.
1045100	Sgt.	McKenzie, David
1045912	Pte.	McKeown, B. Shirley
1045543	Pte.	McLaughlin, Edward
1045934	Pte.	McLean, Don. Chisholm
1045420	Pte.	McLean, Hugh F.
1045528	Pte.	McLean, William
1045994	Pte.	McGennan, Geo. Bruce
1045993	Pte.	McLennan, Robt. Mal.
1045938	Pte.	McManus, Dan. Francis
1045384	Cpl.	McMurphy, Dougald
1045289	Pte.	McNiece, John Albert
1045143	L-Cpl.	McPhee, Clarence Chas.
1045290	Pte.	McPherson, Alexander
1045237	Pte.	Mead, George Andrew
1045864	Pte.	Mehring, Rudolf Edwin
1045319	Pte.	Meil, Balfour Logey
1045985	Pte.	Mennet, DuNuit
1045536	Pte.	Merritt, Fred. Adolphus
1045025	C.Q.M.S.	Miller, Bernard Golden
1045996	Pte.	Miller, Harry
39333	Pte.	Miller, William
1045524	Pte.	Mills, Donald Lewis
1045535	Pte.	Mills, James Fraser
1045525	Pte.	Mills, Thomas Alexander
1045611	Pte.	Minnis, Ray. Orlando
1045579	Pte.	Mislanick, Vasily
772029	Cpl.	Mitchell, William Roy.
1045984	Pte.	Mize, James Earl
1045723	Pte.	Molisak, Joe
1045790	Pte.	Moore, William John
1045065	Sgt.	Morris, Alfred
1045781	Pte.	Mortensen, Jakob Peter
1045764	Pte.	Morton, Samuel Ed.
1045863	Pte.	Mullison, Ross Elmer
1045845	Pte.	Myers, Earl
1045623	Pte.	Nacod, Frank
1045956	Pte.	Naysmith, Duncan
1045844	Pte.	Nelson, James
1045437	Pte.	Newton, David Stanley
127510	Pte.	Nice, Sydney Charles
1045496	Pte.	Nick, Thomas

1045239	Pte.	Nime, Bill
1045876	Pte.	Nobuary, William
1045647	Pte.	Nolan, James
1045035	Pte.	Nolan, Wm. Frederick
1045429	Pte.	Norry, Norman
1045899	Pte.	O'Brien, Mich. Frederick
1045612	Pte.	O'Connor, Charles Jos.
1045157	Sgt.	Ogilvie, George Percival
845065	Pte.	Ogilvie, Robert Cooper
1045789	Pte.	Olchkea, Terar
1045441	Pte.	Olech, Kasmir
1045724	Pte.	Oppenberg, John
1045593	Pte.	Orton, George Clark
1045479	Pte.	O'Sullivan, Pat. Anthony
1045458	Pte.	Papas, Jim
1045270	Pte.	Pappadakis, George
1045707	Pte.	Pappadakis, George M.
1045910	Pte.	Parke, John Henry
1045409	Pte.	Parker, Frederick Geo.
1045083	Pte.	Parker, Percy Harry
1045728	Pte.	Parker, Wm. George
1045917	Pte.	Pasco, Andrew
1045596	L-Cpl.	Paull, John
1045676	Pte.	Payne, Frederick Wm.
1045526	Pte.	Payne, James Thomas
1045859	Pte.	Payock, Duson
1045924	Pte.	Peneses, Nick
1045533	Pte.	Pennell, Henry William
1045767	Pte.	Pierce, William Ross
1045888	Pte.	Pilston, Robert
1045370	Pte.	Piper, Victor Workman
1045950	Pte.	Poole, George William.
1045964	Pte.	Poole, Harvey
1045725	Pte.	Popovich, John
1045026	A-Cpl.	Prangley, Chas. Andrew
1045628	Pte.	Pritchard, Stan. Lionel
1045816	Pte.	Pulias, Joe
1045792	Pte.	Radosaiac, Gajo
1045516	Pte.	Ralph, Harry Switzer
1045820	Pte.	Randles, Joseph Leonard
1045418	Pte.	Ray, James
1045955	Pte.	Raynes, Thomas
1045394	Pte.	Read, Arthur Augustus
1045095	Pte.	Redburn, John
1045660	Sgt.	Reed, Thomas
1045875	Pte.	Regakis, Costas
1045758	Pte.	Reid, Harry Albert
1045148	Pte.	Rheeder, Frederick Wm.
1045111	Pte.	Richards, John Harry
1045529	Pte.	Rintze, George John

1045324	Pte.	Robbins, Walter Lorne
1045460	Pte.	Roberts, George Albert
1045915	Pte.	Roberts, James Alfred
1045884	Pte.	Robineau, Edmond Jos.
1045757	Pte.	Robins, Mike
1045958	Pte.	Robinson, James
1045532	Pte.	Rodgers, J. Wm. Abury
1045456	L-Cpl.	Rodgers, Wellington J.
1045604	Pte.	Rogers, William Henry
1045959	Pte.	Rolfs, Richard Alvin
1045205	Pte.	Rossington, Laurence
1045472	Pte.	Russell, Angus
1045513	Pte.	Ryan, John Walsh
1045522	Pte.	Sachuk, Andrew
1045560	Pte.	Sales, Charles Cecil
1045485	Pte.	Sales, William Richard
1045944	Pte.	Sallee, James Corisand
1045686	Pte.	Salter, Richard Gaines
1045776	Pte.	Sanderson, John Gilbert
1045378	Pte.	Sanito, Harry
1045346	Pte.	Sarich, Mike
1045920	Pte.	Saunderson, John Geo.
1045639	Pte.	Schischloff, Wasily
1045269	L-Cpl.	Schwalm, Richard Kay
1045879	Pte.	Solko, Charles
1045873	Pte.	Scott, Andrew
651403	Pte.	Scott, Stewart
1045811	Pte.	Scott, William; alias, Luhman, William Scott
213212	Sgt.	Scoville, Jack
1045434	Pte.	Scratch, Carl Clarence
1045567	Pte.	Sculthorpe, Geo. Walter
1045801	Pte.	Seckel, Mortimer Theo.
1045467	Cpl.	Selby, William Donald
1045608	Pte.	Shafer, Walter Henry
1045907	Pte.	Shalhoub, Abe
1045430	Pte.	Sharbnaw, Alfred Alpena
1045962	Pte.	Shoughrow, G. Franklin
1045626	Pte.	Sills, Bert Charles
1045213	Pte.	Silverman, John
1045954	Pte.	Sinclair, William James
1045768	Pte.	Slepicka, Harry
1045504	Pte.	Small, John Samuel
1045063	A-Cpl.	Smith, Andrew Thomas
1045443	L-Cpl.	Smith, Charles Samuel
1045062	L-Cpl.	Smith, Clarence Elford
1045983	Pte.	Smith, Floyd
1045130	Pte.	Smith, George Frank
1045978	Pte.	Smith, Homer Emmet
1045054	L-Cpl.	Smith, Lorne
1045066	Pte.	Smith, Roy Gilbert
845328	Pte.	Smith, William Caldwell

1045673	Pte.	Snow, Cornelius James
1045534	Pte.	Snowden, James
1045165	Cpl.	Snudden, Charlie
1045091	Pte.	Somerton, George
1045112	Cpl.	Soulsbury, Wm. Victor
1045096	L-Cpl.	Sparks, Bernard George
1045150	Sgt.	Spencer, George
1045622	A-Sgt.	Springstein, Louis
1045797	Pte.	Stacey, Martin Justin
1045606	Pte.	Stanzak, Tony
1045663	Pte.	Stavirakis, George
1045940	Pte.	Steel, Thomas
1045527	Pte.	Steele, William
1045646	Pte.	Stein, Sam
1045093	Sgt.	Stephenson, Cecil
1046001	Pte.	Stewart, Colin
1045971	Pte.	Stolarck, Ksawar
1045286	Pte.	Stone, John
1045857	Pte.	Strick, John
1045607	Pte.	Suchkow, John
126800	Pte.	Sullivan, Arthur Warren
1045732	Pte.	Summers, Morris S.
1045600	Pte.	Sutherland, Edw. Walter
1045977	Pte.	Sutton, Lee Jacob
1045991	Pte.	Swabde, Joseph
1045451	Pte.	Tate, Michael Joseph
1045122	Sgt.	Taylor, George
1045937	Pte.	Taylor, Philip Henry
1046002	Pte.	Taylor, Thomas Herbert
1045733	Pte.	Taylor, Wm. McArthur
1045913	Pte.	Theaker, William
1045281	Pte.	Theodore, John
1045909	Pte.	Thomas, Robert
1045897	Pte.	Thompson, Leander G.
1045948	Pte.	Thorne, Edward Walter
1045751	Pte.	Thornton, W. Arlando
1045951	Pte.	Thuell, Percy
1045973	Pte.	Tromenski, Ernest
1045152	L-Cpl.	Trotter, Lorne Charles
1045008	A-Cpl.	Truesdell, Wm. Edward
1045356	Pte.	Trufitt, Isaac
1045743	Pte.	Truscott, Alfred Cardew
1045023	Pte.	Tseragotakis, John
1045709	Pte.	Turnbull, John Earl
1045853	Pte.	Turner, George
1045134	Pte.	Turner, Peter
1045667	Pte.	Turner, Robert; alias, Traynor, Robert
1045006	G.M.S.	Turner, William Earl
1045981	Pte.	Tuttle, John Jay
1045759	Pte.	Twell, George Norman
1046009	Pte.	Twyford, Harry

1045104	L-Cpl.	Vannan, Lawrence
1045840	Pte.	Varvounis, John
1045075	Sgt.	Vercoe, Harry MacBean
1045599	Pte.	Vince, Edward
9408327	Pte.	Waddell, Andrew
1045209	L-Cpl.	Wain, Wilfred
1045021	Sgt.	Waite, James
1045005	A-Sgt.	Walker, Harry Denman
1045508	Pte.	Wallace, George
1045015	C.M.S.	Wallace, Stan. Thompson
1045730	Pte.	Warafko, John
1045577	Pte.	Warburton, Fred
1045843	Pte.	Warburton, Gregory A.
1045013	Pte.	Warner, Fern
1045602	Pte.	Watkins, Thomas
1045343	Pte.	Watters, James Henry
1045928	Pte.	Wear, Samuel
1045675	Pte.	Weaver, George Ernest
1045359	A-Cpl.	Webb, Harry Norman
1045561	Pte.	Welenteickik, Nikolai
1045921	Pte.	Weston, Samuel
1045428	A-Cpl.	Whitney, Elmer David
1045500	Sgt.	Wigle, Solomon
1045846	Pte.	Wilks, Harold
1045656	Pte.	Williams, Alex. Lloyd
1045895	Pte.	Williams, George
1045630	L-Cpl.	Williams, Lance
1045644	L-Cpl.	Williams, Richard
1045952	Pte.	Williams, R. Northeast
1045176	Pte.	Willis, George
1045366	Pte.	Williston, Addison Clare
1045348	Pte.	Willoughby, Hugh
1045173	Pte.	Wilson, David
1045361	Pte.	Wilson, George Robert
1045102	L-Cpl.	Wilson, Percy Thomas
1045992	Pte.	Windsor, Claude Leslie
1045786	Pte.	Winspear, Wm. Dennis
1045827	Pte.	World, George Arthur; alias, Worrall, Glen A.
1045914	Pte.	Wright, George Perry
104692	Pte.	Wroblewski, Dom. Wes.
1045700	Pte.	Wyatt, Arthur Hector
7095	Pte.	Wylie, Thomas
1045407	Pte.	Yiacoumakis, Costas
1045898	Pte.	Young, John
1045545	L-Cpl.	Zohrab, Edw. Thos. Hood
1045250	Pte.	Zulakis, Gust
1045252	Cpl.	Zverina, Thomas



Boxes sent to men in the trenches by the McGregor Kilty Club, of Leamington, Ont.

ORIGIN OF THE BANJO

Go' way, fiddle! folks is tired o' hearin' you a-squawkin';
Keep silence fur yo' betters!—don't you hear de banjo talkin' ?
About de 'possum's tail she gwine to lecter—ladies, listen!
About de ha'r whut isn't dar, an' why de ha'r is missin':

"Dar's gwine to be a' oberflow," said Noah, looking solmen—
Fur Noah tuk The Herald, an' he read de ribber column—
An' so he sot his hands to wuk a-c'larin' timber patches,
An' lowed he's gwine to build a boat to beat the steamah Natchez.

Ol' Noah kep' a-nailin' an' a-chippin' an' a-sawin';
An' all de wicked neighbors kep' a-laughing' an' a-pshawin';
But Noah didn't min' 'em, knowin' whut wuz gwine to happen;
An' forty days an' forty nights de rain it kep' a-drappin'.

Now, Noah had done cotched a lot ob eb'ry sort o' beas'es—
Ob all de shows a-trabbelin', it beat 'em all to pieces!
He had a Morgan colt an' seb'ral head o' Jarsey cattle—
An' druv 'em board de Ark as soon's he heered de thunder rattle.

Den sech anoder fall ob rain!—it come so awful hebby,
De ribber riz immejitly, an' busted troo de lebbie;
De people all wuz drowned out—'cep' Noah an' de critters,
An' men he'd hired to work de boat—an' one to mix de bitters.

De Ark she kep' a-sailin' an' a-sailin' an' a-sailin';
De lion got his dander up an' like to bruk de palin';
De sarpints hissed; de painters yelled; tell, whut wid all de fussin',
You c'u'dn't hardly heah de mate a-bossin' 'roun' an' cussin'.

Now, Ham, de only nigger whut wuz runnin' on de packet,
Got lonesome in de barber-shop, an' c'u'dn't stan' de racket;
An' so, fur to amuse hese'f he steamed some wood an' bent it,
An' soon he had a banjo made—de fust dat wuz invented.

He wet de ledder, stretched it on; made bridge, an screws an' aprin;
An' fitted in a proper neck—'twuz berry long an' tap'rin';
He tuk sume tin, an twisted him a thimble fur to ring it;
An' den de mighty question riz, how wuz he gwine to string it?

De 'possum had as fine a tail as dis dat I's a-singin';
De ha'r's so long an' thick an' strong des fit fur banjo stringin';
Dat nigger shaved 'em off as short as washday-dinner graces;
An' sorted ob 'em by de size, f'om little E's to basses.

He strung her, tuned her, struck a jig—'twuz "Nebber min' de wedder,"—
She soun' like forty-lebben hands a-playin' all togedder;
Some went to pattin'; some to dancin'; Noah called de figgers:
An' Ham he sot an' knocked de tune, de happiest ob niggers!

Now, sence dat time—it's mighty strange—dere's not de slighes' showin'
Ob any ha'r at all upon de 'possum's tail a-growin';
An' curi's, too, dat's nigger's ways; his people nebber los' 'em,—
Fur whar you finds de nigger—dar's de banjo an' de 'possum!

"HANDS ACROSS THE BORDER."

O, it's hands across the border, and it's hands
across the sea!

"God Save the King," you're singing; we, "My
Country 'Tis of Thee."

Blood is thicker e'er than water, and we know
what friendship means,

For we've tried each other's mettle -- Lundy's
Lane and New Orleans.

So we clasp our hands like brothers as we press
the forward track,

While Old Glory waves and ripples by the side
of Union Jack.

O, it's hands across the border and it's hands
across the sea;

For we've learned to know each other in our
wars for liberty;

And where'er you see those banners waving
'neath the vaulted dome,

You will always find true fighters for the cause
of right and home.

By the Old Star-Spangled Banner and the Red
Cross of St. George,

We have welded stoutest friendship in the fires
of freedom's forge.

O, it's hands across the border, and its hands
across the sea!

"Rule Britannia!" "Yankee Doodle," "Home
Sweet Home," where'er we be.

And we carry Freedom's banner 'round the
girdle of the earth,

Till in ev'ry heart and conscience love of liberty
has birth.

So it's hands across the border, and it's hands
across the sea,

While "God Save the King" you're singing,
we "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

1916 **CAMP MCGREGOR** 1917

WINDSOR, ONT.

**Establishment of the 241st
Canadian Scottish Borderers**

Headquarters Staff

Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. Walter L. McGregor

Second in Command, Major E. C. Kenning

Third in Command, Major George King

Adjutant, Captain Walter Bartlett

Paymaster, Captain H. C. Beal

Quarter-master, Captain J. Fred. Reid

Medical Officer, Captain G. C. Lewis

Machine Gun Officer, Lieut. J. Stanley Reaume

Signalling Officer, Lieut. T. L. McColl

Sergeant-Major, Sergeant Pierce

Q. M. Sergeant, Sergeant Turner

Orderly Room Sergeant, Sergeant Marshall

Orderly Room Corporal, Corporal Margerson

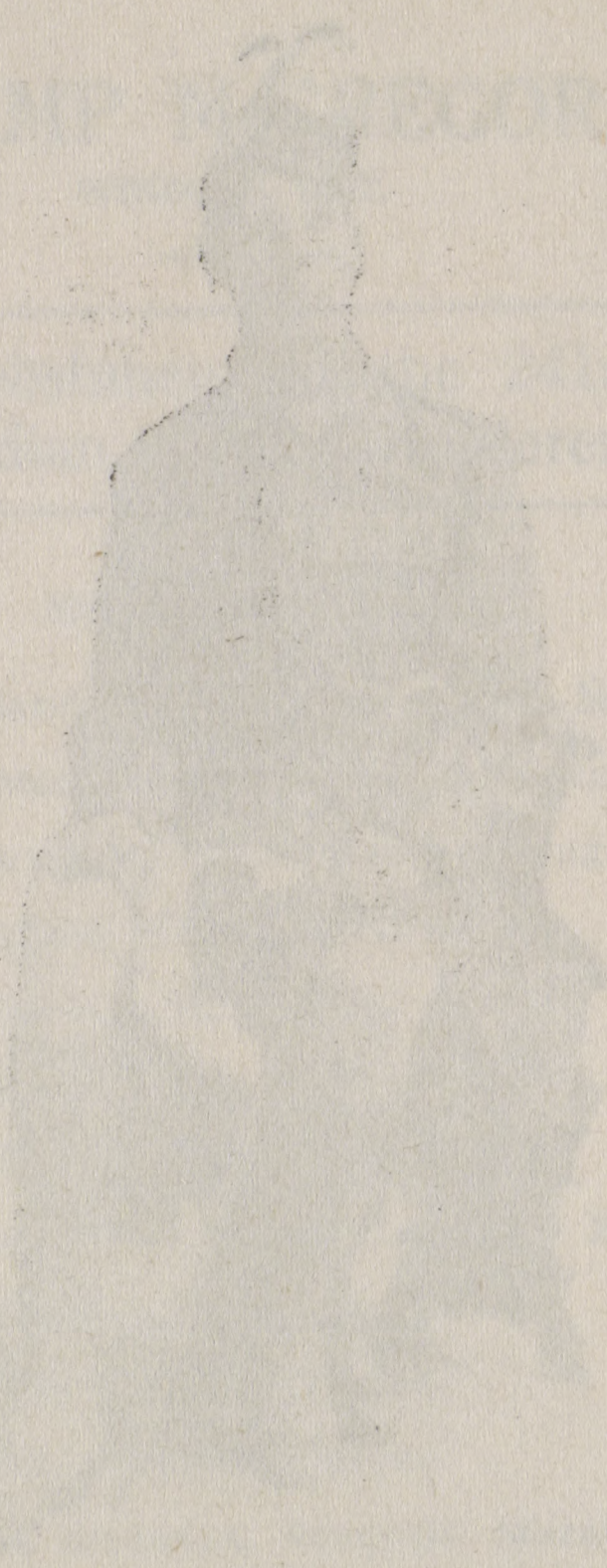
Sergeant Cook, Sergeant Arnott

Pioneer Sergeant, Sergeant Jamieson

Signalling Sergeant, Sergeant Leishman



Wm
T. G. Gregory



Handwritten signature or name, possibly "L. J. [unclear]"

FAREWELL TO THE "KILTIES"

UPON the occasion of the 241st Canadian Scottish Borderers Battalion, under command of Lieut.-Colonel Walter L. McGregor, entraining for the seaboard, Mr. William T. Gregory, of Leamington, Ont., took advantage of the opportunity to visit Camp McGregor at Windsor, Ont., and there presented to the officers and men 50,000 Players cigarettes, packed in special tins of fifty each and inserted in each package was a card reading, "Presented to the officers and men of the 241st Canadian Scottish Borderers with best wishes for a safe voyage, an early relief to our battle-scarred heroes in France; peace with victory and a speedy return to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home." The farewell address follows:—

Soldiers of the 241st Canadian Scottish Borderers Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Forces:

My Scottish lineage has ever been to me a precious inheritance, but I was never prouder of the Scotch than I am to-day. Governor Craig, of North Carolina, recently told the Scottish Society of America that Scotland had been a dynamic factor in history. Scotland has been a dynamic factor in history. It has been a force rather than a country. The territory is small, the land is

rugged and sparing in its reward to industry. Its far northern latitude brings the long winter with inhospitable climate; on the west the coast is precipitous with barren rocks and the east is washed by the cold grey Northern Sea. But this country has made on modern civilization the impress of its individuality and character. It has never been conquered. It has been rent by internal wars and attacked by powerful foes. It has been overrun by invading armies, but has never acknowledged a master. Here lives the race that never crouched in bondage. After the conquest of England by the Romans, Agricola, the Roman general, marched into Scotland. Galgarcus, the chief, and his savage Picts or Scots, faced undaunted the victorious army of the imperial city. It was then that speaking to his followers, he hurled at the Roman power the defiance recorded by Tacitus: "They violate our homes and call that civilization; they make the land a desolation and call it peace." They died before the legions of Cæsar but they did not surrender. In thought, in freedom, in the high purposes, Scotland has been worth more to the world than mighty armies and vast empires. She has been a teacher of freedom, and of faith, and has exemplified the triumph of courage and of loyalty. From her has come the literature that has helped to mold the thought of the world.

Of all the qualities of the Scottish character loyalty is the chief characteristic—loyalty to country, to chief, to plighted faith. "Loyal as a clansman to a Highland chief" is a saying worthy of acceptance. For the third time within the past two eventful years it has been my great privilege

to address a battalion of Canadian soldiers on the eve of their departure to join their "battle-scarred" comrades in that land of woe that lies beyond the sea and to bid them God-speed on their perilous journey. Nothing could afford me greater pleasure than to have the honor of addressing to-day the battalion, of which every heart in this great city is proud—proud of every man, from the cook to the colonel.

True to Heritage.

The Canadian Scottish Borderers are not only a credit to Essex County—not only a credit to the first military district, not only a credit to this great and glorious Dominion of ours, but I have no fear that when tested in the crucible of the white heat of the world's greatest holocaust, you will prove yourselves a credit to the very uniform which you wear and which in all the annals of human history has never known defeat.

When the old "Fighting 18th" of blessed memory, under command of that born leader of men, Lieut.-Col. Ernest S. Wigle, left Canada, I said good-bye to them in London, and when I recall those I saw there that day, and who have long since gone to their reward, I am reminded of the immortal glory they won on many a hard-fought field, and also of the tragic price they paid.

One short year ago, when the long roll sounded for the "Pride of Essex," the glorious old 99th Battalion, to start on their journey to war-devastated Europe, I stood before that "crack corps," under the command of that splendid soldier, Lieut.-Colonel T. B. Welch, looked into the eyes and shook the hands of free-born men

who had forsaken family, friends and fortune to go forth to fight, and if need be, die for the eternal right. When I recall how thick the German death-hail has fallen upon that noble little band which marched forth so gallantly last May, a feeling of inexpressible sadness comes over me.

It is altogether fit and proper that we lay wreaths of loving memories upon their biers to-day—those gallant young officers and courageous men—who have laid down their lives that others might be free. “Greater love than this hath no man shown, that he lay down his life for his friend.” They bore with them to Europe the honor of Canada, and stoutly have they maintained it. But, whatever the issue of the struggle, uncounted lives must pay the price. There is no other price that can be paid. Inexorable as fate, glory will have none other. Canada now knows the price. There is not a valley of British Columbia, not a plain of the great West, not a district of Ontario or of the Maritime Provinces that has not paid the price. As it has been so it will be.

To Become British.

To-day I speak to you as an American citizen, but within a short time I hope to be enabled to pronounce the shibboleth “Civis Brittanus Sum,” and I hope by that time there will be absolutely no difference between an American and a Britisher as far as this war is concerned. While I am proud of every man before me to-day, I am more than proud when I recall the fact that within the ranks of the 241st Battalion, wearing the King’s uniform, are to be found many Americans—Roosevelt Americans—who,

thank God, were "too proud not to fight."

I, myself, have always felt that this was the United States' war even more than it was Canada's war, because we have not only more to lose if Germany wins, but our greater size and importance carries with it greater responsibilities and greater duties. Well has it been said "that we ask for no treaty between the United States and Canada. The letter killeth and the spirit giveth life." But there is that which is stronger than any treaty—there is that which is stronger than any bond of steel. There is that God-given moral law which actuates kindred peoples, and as sure as the planets follow the sun so sure must it be that these nations must stand shoulder to shoulder, and if need be, march side by side—yea, fight shoulder to shoulder for humanity, for justice and for freedom. You Americans in this the greatest voluntary army ever marshalled upon the American continent, are the pledge of North America to the world's democracy. You will fight side by side and shoulder to shoulder with the allied forces in the blood-soaked trenches of northern France in order that government "of the people, by the people and for the people," shall not perish from the earth. The battle line of Flanders is the bulwark of civilization, and thank God the American Government now realizes that if it gives way, not only Canada, but the United States itself would be drenched with blood, and every cottage would hold a widow, an orphan or a childless mother.

You are soon to embark for foreign shores, there to engage in mortal combat the most resourceful, formi-

dable and unscrupulous enemy that civilization has ever known; but after looking into your eyes and seeing the look of determination upon your faces I have no fear but that you will live, and if need be, die upholding the glorious traditions of the "Scottish Highlanders" whose valorous deeds fill more pages of the world's solemn history than those of any other soliders, and whose very name is synonymous for indomitable courage and imperishable fame.

Great Destiny.

You are doubtlessly proud of your membership in the greatest volunteer army ever recorded in history. As a true patriot you are destined to be loved to the last syllable of time, and you shall ever be the favored sons of a grateful people, who will hand down to your children and your children's children the priceless heritage of a soldier's name. The true patriot is not the orator who sways the multitude; the writer that excels in his prowess of pen. The true patriot is born of the individual idea of rendering some service, and such service calls for sacrifice. Love of country, the passion which has moved every man in this battalion to serve his country, either in defending it from invasion, or protecting its rights and maintaining its laws and institutions, is true patriotism. Let us always hold in our hearts the individual image of the true patriot, "the Canadian volunteer soldier."

Canada now has under arms more than 400,000 men, and she is going to raise another 100,000. She now has an army in France greater than the one with which the Duke of Wellington humbled Napoleon at Waterloo; greater than Meade marshalled

at Gettysburg; many times larger than Stonewall Jackson ever had; greater than Robert E. Lee ever mustered; twice as great as the army with which Napoleon brought the Prussians to their knees at Jena, and greater than any with which Marlborough ever romped to victory.

All of the wonders of the world fade into insignificance when compared to what Britain is doing to-day. A commercial nation with less than 50,000,000 people, suddenly summoned to arms—where no arms existed—has produced an army larger than ever before recorded in history, and a war machine that for wealth of shell explosion and war power, is at once the amazement of the Germans and the wonder of the world. Britain has done in 30 months what it took Germany 30 years to do. Starting without an airplane engine capable of encircling her own isles she has vanquished the boasted zeppelins, and is now mistress of the skies. Her grand fleet, which has been the savior of the world, has swept the seven seas of all hostile craft and has made the English Channel a multiple-track ocean railway to France; fought in Africa, at the Canal, the Dardanelles, grappled with Turk and Bulgar, changed generals and admirals in command, changed cabinets, fed the armies of France, maintained the armies and the governments of Belgium and Serbia, and advanced \$5,000,000,000 to her allies—a sum three times as great as the United States national debt, and she still has a “few pennies” laid away for a rainy day. In order to save the democracies of Europe and of the world, Britain has expended no less than \$12,000,000,000, and is

now preparing to double this amount.

Some Figures.

Such fabulous sums are scarcely conceivable by the human mind. For illustration, if we could lay \$12,000,000,000 in one-dollar bills end to end, it would take the International Limited express, running at the rate of a mile a minute, day and night for three years without a stop or a slow-down, to run as far as the bills would reach. If her army was standing in columns of fours it would reach from Vancouver to Halifax, would take six months to march past a given point, and she now has safely stored away back of her lines in France sufficient high explosives to blast her way from St. Quentin to Berlin if it was solid granite all the way. You are soon to become one of the cogs in the wheel of that great and glorious army. Your equipment will be the very best that science can invent or that money can buy, and your officers are ones of which the oldest regiment in the service would be proud—sincere, brave, true, loyal, steadfast, and I have no fear, but that they will prove faithful even unto death. Your colonel is peculiarly fitted by temperament, training and tradition to lead a “kilted” battalion to victory. In his veins there flows the blood of that ancient clan whose proud boast it was “that despite their enemies, the MacGregors should flourish forever.” In him we have combined the indomitable spirit of the Scottish Highlander, the bulldog tenacity of the English, and the resourcefulness and initiative of the Canadian. He will lead you to victory. Stand by him like a “stone wall” in the days to come. If elo-

quence shall want a theme to awaken the sublimest efforts, or poetry shall seek some shrine at which to offer its most harmonious numbers, orator and bard need not go back to the romantic period of Agincourt or Crecy, when Henry Fifth led his armies to victory, and Douglas poured the vials of his wrath across the Northumbrian plains; no need to go away back there, but instead, they will tell of your deeds and the deeds of your immortal comrades-in-arms who fought with Byng or Currie or Burstall or of those who flamed the demigods of war where Alderson or Watson or Lipsett led, of those whose camp fires shone out on the dark walls of the Balkans or lit up by their glow the waters of the Meuse or the Marne or the Somme, of those who sleep to-night in graves consecrated forevermore where the stars look down through the Arras woods or St. Quentin groves. Of the long line, whose musketry rang out their sublime appeal in the early grey of that April morning at St. Julien, whose fierce battle shout at Givenchy or Festubert mingled with the farewell sounds that broke on those Canadians' ears, sounds scarcely stilled 'ere the acclamation of angels awaken them to sublimer greetings.

Saved the Day.

The oldest regiments in the service could not have done better. Not the Spartan band at Thermopylae, not the sacred battalion of Epamimonidas, not the tenth legion of Cæsar, not the Imperial Light Brigade at Balaclava, evinced more fortitude than those noble Canadians who, in their superhuman effort to stem the tide of the onrush of that mighty

horde of barbarians were given credit by the commander-in-chief of the British forces, as having "saved the day." We may safely trust the story of their unequalled valor, the peerless chivalry of those awful days, to the verdict of the historian who will give full credit for every bullet that a Canadian soldier stops and for every grave that one fills. Gen. Hodgins has told you not to come back until you can tell us what the streets of Berlin look like, and my parting request of you is that you have that splendid band of yours play "Dixie" while you are marching down its most famous thoroughfare. It is sad for us to say good-bye to you. We bid you God-speed upon your perilous journey. Our hearts will be with you on all the weary marches, on all the gory battlefields, in the trench and in the dugout, in all the hospitals of misery and pain, in the prisons of hatred and famine; but human tongue can never tell what you will endure. Remember each day while you are absent from us to offer thanks to our Heavenly Father for having enriched our being with those faculties which prompt to noble endeavor. Rejoice in your power guided by His free spirit to overcome evil and to do good. Ask for the faith that will enable you to more clearly realize that in the end only truth and right can gain the victory. My prayer for you shall be: May the great Giver of all good, keep you ever physically fit to fight, and spiritually fit to die, and ever watch over you and keep each from all harm; and when all is over that you may return, not in defeat, but in victory and in honor and glory unequalled to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home.

(Continued from Page 2)

**Establishment of the 241st Scottish Borderers
Battalion.**

"A" Company

Officer in Command, Major George King
Lieut. Clarence T. Evans
Lieut. Gordon Davies
Lieut. W. R. Brennan
Lieut. O. Rolfson
Lieut. D. W. Fleming
Sergeant-Major A. D. Grant

"B" Company

Officer in Command, Captain H. A. Springle
Lieut. M. R. Twomey
Lieut. W. W. Fergusson
Lieut. F. F. Lovegrove
Lieut. A. T. Fergusson
Lieut. T. R. Meridith
Sergeant-Major Stanley T. Wallace

"C" Company

Officer in Command, Captain Solon Allbright
Lieut. J. W. Leighton
Lieut. R. M. Sale
Lieut. G. A. Fergusson
Lieut. G. Y. Masson
Sergeant-Major Samuel Beck

"D" Company

Officer in Command, Captain D. St. John Wigle
Lieut. George A. Urquhart
Lieut. Dave Logan
Lieut. I. S. Reid
Lieut. Gordon Bartlett
Sergeant-Major _____



ADDRESS

BY

WM. T. GREGORY

TO THE

241st Canadian Scottish
Borderers Battalion
C. E. F.

AT

WINDSOR, ONTARIO

UPON THE OCCASION OF THEIR
DEPARTURE FOR
OVERSEAS

APRIL, 1917





THE LITTLE SHIPS.

The harbor's full of little ships;
On either side they lie,
With their noses pointed at the tide
And their booms against the sky;
And maybe it's a brigantine
And maybe it's a barque,
But mostly it's a steamer tramp
That's gone upon a lark!

Across the oily water,
Their gunwales weighted low,
You see them in the evening
As down the bay they go,
With their decks all neat and ship-
shape,
And some pretty signal flags,
For when a ship puts out to sea
She dons her Sunday rags!

And it's "England, England, Eng-
land!"

The little ships all cry,
For she's their lady mother,
And they will not let her die;
For England is in trouble,
But that little ships are true,
So the little ships go dancing,
And the Sea she dances, too!